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COLUMBUS.

REV. JAMES YEAMES.

Through the mists of the years we see him,
The Admiral bold and brave;
His compass a faith heroic,
As he sails o'er the trackless wave.
His beacon a hope undying,
Shining with quenchless glow,
"There's a glorious land 'neath the setting sun,
I shall stand on its shores, I know."
With his eye on the star of duty
And his hand on the steadfast helm,
Right on he sailed!
While the bitter tongue of the mocker railed,
And the craven heart of the coward failed,
He sailed right on.
Right on to the wealth and beauty
Of the New World's wondrous realm;
The prize he won.

By the eye of faith we behold Thee,
O Jesus, our Captain true!
Through the veiling skies Thou hast soared away,
Far above the o'er-arching blue.
From Calvary's mount and from Olivet's crest,
Thou hast passed to prepare Thy people's rest,
And thither Thou'lt bring them, too.

There's a glorious land 'neath the setting sun,
I shall stand on its shores, I know!

With Faith as our compass, guiding,
And Hope as a beacon-light,
Right on we sail!
O'er the unknown seas of this changing time,
We sail right on!
Right on to the land of the home sublime,
Right on, till at anchor riding,
The New World's shores we sight,
And heaven is won!

"But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly;
wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God;
for he hath prepared for them a city."—HEBREWS 11:16.

The Outlook.

The achievement of the man whom, four centuries ago, Portugal's king tried basely to cheat, whose scheme to reach the Indies by sailing west was derided by the wisest men in Spain, whose ships, granted after years of patient waiting, even the criminals of Palos were unwilling to man, was last week, celebrated in nearly every village of the Iberian peninsula—the Spanish part at least—with almost extravagant festivities. Copies of his frail caravels are on their way to this country to illustrate his daring, and to be exhibited in connection with an Exposition, which, while it commemorates his work and the wonderful progress that has followed it, will excel every previous attempt of the kind in its magnitude, richness and variety. Whatever view we may take of Columbus—and he certainly was no saint—though it may be true that his discovery was the merest "accident" or "blunder," and that he himself died in ignorance of having found a new world—a world previously found by the Northmen—yet there are certain majestic facts which no disparagement can discount: It was Columbus, and no other, who sailed to the west, and sailed on, till land was reached; it was Columbus who began to colonize that land; and it was from the moment when his supreme idea, cherished through eighteen weary years of opposition and rebuff, was proved to be practically true, that the history of the New World begins.

An epitome of that complex history, including many races and covering a vast stretch of time, may be read in the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, whose elaborate ceremonies of "dedication" will occur the present week. As public attention will be called to these exercises, we take the opportunity to throw together a few statements which will give a general idea of what sight-seers may expect when the opening occurs in May next. The grounds of the Exposition, consisting of Jackson Park and the Midway Plaisance, are seven miles south of Chicago city hall, have a water front on Lake Michigan of one and a half miles, and, lacking hills and other relieving features, have been made pleasing by a liberal use of artificial waterways, giving them a Venetian effect, and a picturesque wooded island located in the centre of the Park. The entire area devoted to Exposition purposes will include 885 acres. Seventy of the buildings are well under way in the work of construction and some fifty more will be erected. One of these, built for manufactures and liberal arts, will occupy 31 acres, a space nearly as large as Boston Common, while its extreme height will be only 11 feet lower than the shaft on Bunker Hill. It is claimed that the buildings of the present Exposition will cover with their roofs not only as many acres as those of Philadelphia and Paris combined, but sixty acres more. To describe these buildings and their grouping, and their contents, would require many volumes.

It is no longer concealed that the days of Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the President, are numbered. For eight months she has been suffering from pulmonary tubercular disease, which has made steady and fatal progress in spite of every effort to combat it. Her re-

THE SUPREME WORK OF THE COLLEGE.

PRESIDENT MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, LL. D.

WHAT the supreme work of the college must concern itself with the intellectual powers of young men, goes without saying. If a piece of work is to be honest, it must meet the conditions which it professes to meet. Since the college is pre-eminently a place for the development of intellectual power, no college can honestly wear the name which does not concern itself primarily, continuously and strenuously with the intellectual life of its students. The Christian college is not an exception to this general rule. The higher the Christian purpose of those who are interested in the Christian college, the stronger the obligation upon them to keep high the standards of scholarship, the ideals of scholarly attainment, at that college. No graver danger threatens the higher education in our land than subtly assails it when Christian people advocate the

Lowering of the Standards of Intellectual Life and of scholarly work at a Christian college in order that larger numbers of good but incapable young men may share in the looser and lower courses of study thus opened to them. Wise Christian parents will not ignore the life-long—yes, the eternal—influence which will make itself felt in the life of their sons as the result of four years' association with students and professors at college. It is altogether unreasonable to suppose, if these four plastic years are spent at a centre where Christ and Christian truth are ignored under the influence of strong intellects which do not reverence God in Christ, that the student life spent under such surroundings will be likely to contribute to strong, sound Christian character and "spiritual-mindedness." This is no plea for narrow sectarian colleges. It is a reminder that the trend of thought and life, the prevalent current of impression and of tendency at a college of sufficient strength to deserve serious consideration, must be either avowedly and openly Christian, or by the very absence of avowed Christian influence it will be strongly and decidedly un-Christian in its effect upon students.

But, on the other hand, the careful observer of the work done at educational centres in our country must discern the dangerous tendency in certain quarters, in place of the intellectual standards and the scholarly work which should characterize the college, to substitute moral and religious features, which are admirable if they attend upon high scholarly work, but which can never be a substitute for such work at a college. It will be a grave blot on the Christian life of our country if it is ever even tacitly admitted that our best Christian colleges allow a substitution of other aims for the aims which are essential to the honest work of the college. Take the scholastic definition of "essence," and by it test the college: "The essence of a person or a thing is that by virtue of which that person or thing is, and is what it is." That by virtue of which the college is, and is what it is, we must find in the intellectual work of the college. Certainly, it would be disastrous to the prospects of our country if the Christian scholarship of our land were for a moment to tolerate the idea that less of intellectual achievement and power was to be expected of and exacted from it than from scholarship that was not avowedly Christian. We hold that no pure culture is too broad for the consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. We hold that all science leads along converging lines up to that conception of God which is given in His revealed Word.

The first duty of a Christian college, then, is a

Consistent Maintenance of High Scholarly Standards of Work.

No Christian man can be a consistent Christian in college without being a careful, thorough student. No board of trustees which manages a Christian college has any right to allow any considerations of "general good influence" or of "moral and religious culture" to divert their minds from the fact that a college exists pre-eminently for the attainment of knowledge, and of that high character which comes from the systematic training of the knowing powers.

Do we mean, then, that a college has no right to concern itself with the moral and religious culture of its students? On the contrary, we hold that no college can truly accomplish its appointed work which does not concern itself with the moral and spiritual life of its students. It is idle to speak of the *laissez faire* principle as the proper one to govern a college in its relations to the spiritual life and the moral condition of its students. To leave entirely out of consideration the moral tone and spiritual life of a body of undergraduates, is not to guarantee to them freedom, but is to deliver them over unaided to the strong influence from the worst, least conscientious, among their own number—an influence the fearful strength of which is well known to all who have carefully studied the life of large bodies of boys and young men who have left home life and family influence and are not yet responsible as citizens. In saying this, I yield to no man in my respect for the good purpose and the average moral stamina of American young men from seventeen to twenty-two years of age. But there is no time in the life of any body of men when moral and religious truth can be ignored without injury to the whole life. And during the years when old associations are first set aside, when the young man is feeling his way to his own standards of living and is keenly sensitive to the opinions of those about him, when a reticence about his own spiritual life and about religious truth, which may be natural to him, may be confirmed into a systematic ignoring of the truths—into an atrophy of the spiritual and religious nature—at this critical time to be entirely cut off from the influence of Christian

truth, to have one's moral condition ignored, is pre-eminently dangerous. Some men will come safely through it. Those who are morally and religiously strong will in some cases withstand this downward tendency. This fact makes it possible to advocate this method as one which "kills off the weakest and strengthens the strongest." But the law of the survival of the fittest in morals is not the law of Christ, and is not the practice of Christian civilization. You and I do not wish our sons subjected to such a test during the four years immediately following their transplanting from the homes where they have received kindly Christian nurture.

The supreme work of the American college, then, is to secure the

Highest Possible Intellectual Activity along with the clear recognition of the fact that conscience, faith, the religious life, are essential factors in the highest manhood and naturally attend and direct the highest intellectual activity. For the supreme object of the college is to give an education for power in social life, to build up the broadest and soundest character based on the full and free training of the knowing powers.

Believing this, we must ask the question, "While young men study, are they living purely and nobly?" Is it defensible to ignore the moral and religious life of young men during the formative period of young student life? Can older young men, more independent in habits, and as they trust more fixed in habits of right living—can older university students afford to shut themselves out from active participation in avowedly Christian influences and from Christian fellowship with the men with whom they enjoy every other form of fellowship?

Books alone, the study of ethics alone, will not keep young men pure, unselfish, morally strong and pure-hearted during years of isolation from home life and from social life. When the intellectual life is uninterrupted, there arise diseases of the mind such as follow in the body when one physical organ is used to excess and other powers fall and other organs suffer from atrophy. Man is not, and was not meant to be, pure disembodied intellect. True philosophy, as well as common sense, teaches that the heart and will have their rightful domain in every man's life. If the understanding becomes arrogant and spurns the aid of the other powers of the mind, not only does the man become an incomplete man, but his intellect itself inevitably loses poise and clearness. The man ceases to be a man, and becomes a calculating machine; and his intellect becomes subject to those sudden reversals of legitimate processes and results which the law of construction for calculating machines renders inevitable in them, but from which life saves the living man, the feeling, worshipping soul.

In that effort to build up character while acquiring knowledge—which is the supreme work of the college—do we not come to know the need of a moral dynamic, of some strong elemental force that shall draw us with a powerful attraction toward goodness and duty when duty is clearly seen? There are many men connected with the highest education in America who believe that the supreme work of the college lies in maintaining the highest possible standards of intellectual achievements under the sway of that light of reason which continually refers to God as the source of light and draws heat and life-power from Christ, who is the Life and the Light of the world.

Amherst College.

A FEW WELL-REMEMBERED PRAYERS.

REV. E. C. HARRIS, D. D.

SOME prayers take hold of us. They arrest us. They abide with us. We continue hearing them all along the years. Such prayers are not very common, but probably most people will remember a few instances when their souls were awed and uplifted by the voice that pleaded with God. The memory of such a prayer is a means of grace.

On the banks of the Union River stands an old, unpainted school-house in which I learned to spell and read—thus getting the best part of my education. When I was but a child there came a devout Christian to teach for one term in that very plain school-room. Before beginning the work of the first day, she opened her Testament and read, and then knelt in her place and besought wisdom and help from God. I suppose she thus read and prayed every morning of the term; but that prayer on that first morning came like a benediction and a doxology to my heart. I did not then understand it, but I felt it, and all along these forty-five years I have thanked God for Mary Tryon's prayer.

Once, and only once, did I ever hear my mother pray. She was not a woman of much speech. Hers was a strong mind and a great heart. She could be silent and yet be company. But what a prayer! It was one of the bleakest of winter nights in Vermont. The good man who so invariably led the household in thanksgiving and supplication morning after morning for many years, was away from home. Where he might be that stormy night, we did not know. The studies were ended, the talk of the evening was done, an unusual hush was upon us all. I think mother's heart was talking with God. Without any other words she said, "Let us pray," and in a moment she was praying as only a mother can pray—and probably as few mothers seldom pray. I can recall no word she uttered, but my heart has borne a record of that prayer from tender childhood days until now; and more and more I thank God for that prayer.

For a few months in my teens I worshipped—or attended worship—in the Methodist Church in Montpelier. It was the old church

on a back street, in the days when Wm. B. Hubbard and Henry Nutt were strong men. I had said in my heart and said to a schoolmate, "I will be a Christian," and so I went to the first meeting I could find. It was a class-meeting in one of the small rooms of the church; and though few were present, I was unable to utter a word as to my purpose and desire—so nearly related was I to my mother. But I went to that same room the next week, and somehow stammered out that I wanted to be a Christian. The pastor was leading the class, and he called upon his sister to pray at the close of the meeting. And such a prayer! Was ever a poor, trembling soul better "remembered in prayer"? She supplicated as one that could not be denied. Peace did not then and there come to my heart, but from that hour I never doubted that I should find pardoning mercy. That was a prayer that could not go unanswered. From that hour the face of that Christian woman was to me like the face of an angel. It is now many years since I saw her or heard of her.

A few years later (in the summer of '55) a few young men were leaving Newbury Seminary to enter college. It was the last Sabbath evening of the term in the old Seminary Hall. Rev. C. W. Cushing was the principal, and his heart yearned for the safety and success of the graduating class. In that place—in its day a Bethel to thousands—and at that hour he prayed as few men can pray, and as even they pray only occasionally. All the dangers, and duties, and privileges, and responsibilities, of college life seemed to be in his mind as he prayed for us. He prayed like one who saw the open pit and the ascending smoke of the burning world, and also the glories around the throne. That prayer was spiritual strength to at least one young man. It has served him not "forty days" only, but thirty-seven years.

During my years at the University of Vermont I heard about once a week at "chapel prayers" one of God's most regal sons. His name was McKendree Petty. With him at the desk there was unusual quiet and attentiveness among the students. It was felt by many that God was present while Prof. Petty was praying. Few college officers pray as did that man. Rare teacher that he was—none better in the University—yet for hundreds the richest fragrance of his name is inseparable from the memory of those pleadings with God.

During two of those same years, and just when it was peculiarly useful to me, Rev. Wm. A. Miller was my pastor. Magnificent as he was at times in discourse, he was often a host in prayer. Few men so take their congregations into "the audience-chamber of the Most High." When he prayed it seemed as though infidelity stood abashed and very atheism bowed its head, while penitent and sorrow-stricken souls would find light, and hope, and peace, and all believers would again "see the King in His beauty." He prayed like one who dwelt amid the awful and glorious verities of God.

In the fall of '69, at the Lyndonville camp-meeting, one service (if not a whole day) was given to the cause of missions. Rev. E. W. Parker was present, on his first visit home, having spent ten years in India. Among the ministers "from abroad" invited to aid in that meeting were that mental and moral giant, Rev. Ira G. Bidwell. Among the duties that fell to his lot was the prayer at the missionary meeting; and that prayer is etched in my memory more than all the other prayers and all the sermons I ever heard at camp-meetings. As he prayed his soul seemed to behold all the glorious triumphs of the Cross already won. All the ages and all nations were as a panorama before him, and all the greater triumphs that are to be secured present to his vision. His thought ranged through the centuries and over all the nations; and as he led us in adoration and praise and prayer we saw the gospel banners moving forward in all the world; idolatry and ignorance and iniquity were fleeing away; the world's down-trodden and oppressed millions were uplifted; righteousness was enthroned, and the Son of God, the Saviour of men, was King over all.

At the close of the General Conference of '84, a prayer was offered that hundreds will long remember. The business of the Conference was all done—not a resolution or report remained to be considered. There had been no unseemly haste to adjourn. Business had not been hurriedly or inconsiderately done, but "decently and in order." Bishop Simpson, who had been too feeble to preside an hour, was present and about to say a few words and pronounce the benediction (his last public words as it proved). Bishop Harris was in the chair—his last appearance in General Conference. After a hymn had been sung, Bishop Harris called upon Bishop Wiley to offer the closing prayer. Had he known (as he may have felt) that himself and Bishops Simpson and Harris were in their last General Conference, he could not have more humbly praised God for mercies past and present, and more effectually supplicated the grace and presence of the Most High in all coming need. It was a prayer most befitting the hour when men chosen of God and of the church concluded the work given them to do—a work so sacred as to make it akin to that which was suffered and done in Gethsemane and on Calvary. It was a prayer that only one of the great men of God could offer; and such as he could offer only when about ready for his translation.

In July, '91, a notable gathering of temperance people was held in the Methodist church in Saratoga. I was present simply as a spectator, spending a week in resting (as rest such as I had not needed or taken for thirty years). It was a day of stormy difference and debate, such as the best causes sometimes suffer. During the time Bishop Newman entered the church and was given a

seat upon the platform. Soon after the Bishop came in, Joseph Cook—perhaps to change the atmosphere as well as to propose something in itself very suitable—arose to a question of high privilege, and announcing intelligence just received that Mr. Spurgeon was sick apparently unto death, moved that a few moments be given to prayer and that Bishop Newman be requested to offer the prayer in behalf of the eminent minister who might just then be dying. Thus, with scarcely sixty seconds for thought, Bishop Newman arose and offered a prayer remarkable in its aptness and felicity of thought and expression. Months of study could not probably have better voiced the sentiment suitable for the occasion. It is doubtful if the Bishop would have prayed so appropriately with longer notice of the duty to be laid upon him. It was one of the few nearest perfect human compositions, or rather one of the very rare instances of semi-inspiration.

QUARANTINING LITERATURE.

A SERIOUS epidemic has threatened the country. Though every precaution known to science was taken to bar its entrance into our land, yet for awhile it marched onward in its devastating career. Grim death stalked abroad, and men and women knew not how soon their homes might be invaded. It was well that they should put their houses in order, that they should let the sunlight pour in with healing and purifying power into all the dark and noxious places, and that the atmosphere should be rendered sweet and wholesome. They who had precious lives entrusted to their charge felt that these should be jealously guarded so far as human foresight could accomplish it. All were as a unit in this respect, and the country rose as one man to oppose the invader. Down at the gateways to our shores stood sentinels who said, "Thou shalt not come and no farther," while they turned a deaf ear to the wails of the sick and the dying. It came to be a question of the greatest good for the greatest number; for it was known that were the disease permitted to leave its lair, it would roam this land like a wild beast, and myriads might fall a prey to it before it could be checked in its fatal career. So it was held at bay until the danger had passed, and all breathed freely once more. The fond parent looked again upon his little family with the loving assurance of his ability to protect them from harm, and with a silent prayer to Him who had brought them safely out of great peril.

There is, however, a moral pestilence abroad which threatens far more seriously the sanctity of family life. No quarantine bars its entrance to our shores, and no amount of precaution can altogether keep it out of the community or preclude its admission to our homes. It comes with silent and insidious tread, and while we are sleeping in fond security the evil is wrought, hearts are saddened, and lives are laid waste.

The evil of impure literature is one that assumes many forms and disguises, and appears at unlooked-for points. Its miasmatic influence is felt long after the original cause has disappeared. There is evidence that the grosser forms of literature have ceased to circulate as freely as formerly, but the poison is administered in a more unexpected, and therefore in a more dangerous, form. Only recently one of our prominent weeklies published a story in which the reader came abruptly upon a paragraph thoroughly brutal and repulsive in its suggestive incident. It was unfit to be read aloud in the family circle. Writers who steal the literary of heaven to serve the devil in, obtrude their wares upon us, and we are powerless to avert the evil because it finds us unprepared. Publishers, whose names have hitherto been a guarantee of purity and uprightness, accept a story from some noted author whose name is a conjure word, and send out to the world the concoctions of an impure and fevered mind. How shall we remedy this condition of affairs, how quarantine our literature until it can come to us with a clean bill of health that we may welcome it to our families? There is but one way. Vigilance is good, and, indeed, imperative. With the wide range of reading at our command, we must no more permit literature with the faintest tinge of impurity to sully our homes than we would place a loaded bomb-shell down by the genial warmth of our firesides expecting it to remain there harmless.

But we must do more than this. The ear that is keenly attuned to harmonious sounds instantly recognizes a false note. So the mind that is fed and nourished on pure literature is the more sensitive to detect the untrue and the impure, though it come through insinuation and suggestion. Just as the strong, sweet, briny tide surges upon the shore, cleansing and displacing the stagnant pools and the noxious waters in the neighboring creeks and estuaries, so an abundance of pure reading keeps the mind occupied, fills its nooks and corners with overflowing with its refreshing influence, and maintains the thoughts at a level which no noxious stream of literature can overcome.

To the keen vision and the impressionable mind of youth it is of vital importance that an abundance of the right kind of reading is made easily accessible. For this purpose the church paper comes as a potent instrumentality for good. It is better than our tables were covered, our floors spread, and our walls hung with sheets than that one miserably defective and impure book or paper should find its way into our families. Filled to the brim with the choicest thoughts of the brightest minds, the church paper will ever prove an appealing force for every young circle which has been trained in the way that makes for the upbuilding of a lofty type of human character.

The Religious Paper.

THE power and influence of Christianity in the world depend very largely upon the interest and devotion of religious people. The creation and development of the kingdom of God on earth is the Christian's chief concern. For this he lives, and in the faith of this he is willing to die. Every legitimate means and moral agency he is ready to co-operate with. To study and secure the best and most permanent success to the church is an important part of the minister's work. The Bible, to all Christian people, must ever be the Book of all books, and no other should ever be substituted in its place.

But next to the Bible may be mentioned the religious paper. The power and influence for good of the religious press in this country cannot be fully estimated. It is one of the great moral forces calculated to revolutionize this world for Christ. For systematic growth and permanent development of Christian life in the church, it is almost an absolute necessity. For who does not understand and readily admit, that much of the weakness of spiritual life in the church is largely due to the absence of that information concerning the church and her benevolent institutions which the religious press is well prepared to furnish to its readers?

We believe if the Methodist ministry would make a united effort to secure and extend the circulation of our religious books and papers, not only would a very large list of subscribers be obtained, but thousands of dollars secured to the church, and the large number of converts made of any year in the history of Methodism. While the world is flooded today, as never before, by pernicious literature, shall not Christian people do their best, by means of the religious press, to secure the salvation of this world for Christ?—Rev. G. Spencer. *ETC.*

Miscellaneous.

GIVE ME WHITE PAPER.

The sheet you use is black and rough with
Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood
And tears,
Crossed with the story of men's sins and
fears,
Of battle and of famine all these years.
When all God's children have forgot
their birth,
And drugged and fought and died like
beasts of earth.
Give me white paper.

One storm-tossed seaman listened to the
word,
What no man saw he saw, he heard what
no man heard.
For answer he compelled the sea
To answer him to tell
The secret she had kept so well.
Left blood and woe and tyranny behind,
Sailing still west, that land new-born to
find,
For all mankind the unstained page un-
faded,
Where God might write anew the story
of the world.

—Edward Everett Hale.

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERIES AND DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.

REV. H. HEWITT.

THE bare enumeration of the principal achievements of the fifteenth century, in every department of intellectual activity and enterprise, is little less than startling. The century forms, as it were, a bright morning between the night of the foregoing centuries and the resplendent day of the last four hundred years of which it was the hint and usher. Between the years 1400 and 1500 A. D. occurred those magnificent events which form a broad imaginary border line between modern history and that of the Dark Ages. Among those epoch-making occurrences claimed by this remarkable century may be mentioned the capture of Constantinople by the Turks; the discovery of the maritime passage to the East Indies by Vasco da Gama; changes in the bloody art of war by the use of gunpowder; the manufacture of paper and the art of printing; the rising spirit of free inquiry which placed general councils of the church above the decrees of popes and led to the Reformation; the revival of ancient learning under the lead of Petrarch and Boccaccio, and the promotion of a better literary taste and an improved philosophy; the formation and growth of the middle classes as social and political factors; the consolidation of civil authority over against the arrogant assumptions of ecclesiasticism; the advancement of experimental philosophy and the sciences; and, last, and in its fruitful consequences most important of all, the discovery of tropical America and the opening of its boundless resources and possibilities to Europe, by Columbus.

This last achievement, taking place just when it did, is the more remarkable inasmuch as it is clear that portions of the American continent, and those of the greatest political importance today, had, long before, been known to sea-rovers from northern Europe; but little practical advantage had been taken of the discovery. Of the early visits of venturesome Norsemen to these eastern shores the accounts, though strictly historical and veracious, are scanty and greatly lacking in detail. Political, archaeological and scientific significance they have almost none. Premature discovery, like unripe fruit, is worthless. An eleventh century Lief and his crew, from his far-away island home, may find in his free search of the seas the best precious jewel of a western world, but it requires the eyes of a fifteenth-century Columbus to discern its worth. There is reason to believe that the Icelandic seamen of the time of the son of Eric were a noble, energetic race; but while they displayed all the daring and hardihood required for maritime adventure, they could not boast the wealth, the science, the equipment and capacity for large naval enterprise that were subsequently possessed by the Spanish, Portuguese and English. Charmed as they were by the mildness of the New England climate (which they called Vinland), and the fertility of its soil compared with the rigor and sterility of Iceland and Greenland, and vigorously as they appear to have prosecuted their colonizing enterprises, they were too few and feeble to make much of the fair regions which were destined in subsequent centuries to become the cradle of the American nation.

It is a striking illustration of the activity and courage of these early masters of the sea that at one time they had planned their settlements as far south as 41-42 degrees north latitude, and had penetrated northward as far as latitude 72 degrees, 55 minutes, on the east side of Baffin's Bay. And there, amid the eternal snow and ice, on one of the Women's islands, away to the northwest of the most northern Danish settlement of Upernivik, were discovered, in 1824, three stone pillars commemorative of their discoveries; one of them bearing date 1135 and inscribed all over with the rude runic character, examples of which are found on stone, old arrows, axes, knife handles, awls and sword-hilts, clasps, spear-heads, pigs of metal, amulets, rings, bracelets, brooches, combs, coffins, bells, tools, clog-alms (but seldom in books), in the northern and western countries of Europe. After the year 1347 notices of communication between northern Europe and America, in the sagas and other Scandinavian writing, cease. Perhaps it is owing to the decline of the Icelandic Free State, which had maintained its independence for three centuries and a half, and the subjection of the country to the Norwegian monarch, Haco VI., that the first permanent colonization of the Western World was effected by a people of Spanish rather than of Scandinavian blood, and in the

southern portion of the continent rather than in the northern. The Icelandic colonies of Helluland (Newfoundland), Markland (Nova Scotia and the mouth of the St. Lawrence), and Vinland (Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut), belong to the palmy era of Icelandic freedom—the era to which also belong the flower of Icelandic literature, the historical writings, the collection of sagas and of the songs of the Edda.

It may seem strange that the eastern shores of America did not become known to Europe through the Icelandic sea-rovers, especially as communication is known to have been maintained in these early centuries between Ireland and Iceland through the Irish missionaries. Travelers, too, from Iceland occasionally visited Germany and Italy in the interests of learning, and it would seem that a discovery so important as a great western land beyond the ocean would have excited considerable interest. The truth, however, is that the Icelandic and Greenlandic colonies on the coast of Vinland were small, and their existence precarious and brief; and even while they lasted the intercourse between them and the mother countries seems to have been infrequent and irregular. There seemed, in fact, nothing in the New World, situated as it was far away over leagues of stormy sea, to draw any large number of settlers and mariners from their European homes and interests; and so the tidings of these new regions awoke little curiosity, and still less desire to emigrate, among the cultivated nations of southern Europe, and probably in the end was forgotten. Even Columbus himself, when on a visit to Iceland in 1477, heard nothing of the Western World; or, if he did, he kept the information very snug and acted very craftily in applying it when, fifteen years subsequently, encouraged by his friend and counselor, Toscanelli, he sailed into western waters. Uncertainty marked every league of his course—not only as to where to look for his destination, but also as to its precise character. Apart from his yielding to the persuasions of Alonso Pinzon, who declared "it was as if something whispered to his heart that they must change their course" and sail to the southeast, we have Columbus' own words for it that, as he approached the island of Cuba, he thought himself opposite the Chinese commercial cities of Zaitun and Quinsay ("ante Zayto y Quinsay").

THE FACTS ABOUT COLUMBUS.

REV. JAMES MUDDO, D. D.

IT is always an ungracious task to call attention to defects; and especially in this Columbus year it seems almost cruel to insist that we must think less of Columbus than we have been accustomed to do. But truth, after all, has highest claims, and if history is to be studied at all, it is more important that right lessons be derived than that pleasing pictures be drawn. What are the facts about the character of Columbus? Since the days when Washington Irving painted him with so bright an aureole, a change has taken place in historical methods. The searching, critical spirit of the present age demands proof, and sifts evidence, and makes havoc of reputations that are without sufficient basis. The stories which have gathered about the great discoverer have been subjected to this winnowing process, and as a result much of the traditional glory that hung around this mighty name has vanished.

Many grateful words can still be spoken, many elements of romance remain, many dramatic scenes in this marvelous life lose nothing of their grandeur or their pathos by the passage of time. It still is true, and must ever be true, that Columbus alone of the men of his generation had the dauntless courage, the unflinching persistence, the lofty enthusiasm and exalted faith, which drove him on through all obstacles and enabled him at length to uncover the secret of the western waves. His fame at this point cannot be effaced or greatly obscured. He was perpetually impelled by the feeling that he was an instrument in the hand of Providence for the enlargement of the realm of human knowledge and opportunity. And such he undoubtedly was. This service to mankind he successfully performed. For it let him have due praise.

But the state of his morals renders it impossible to make of him either a saint or a hero. We cannot find in his extremely faulty character many elements of real greatness, nor very much to admire. His early life, spent in pirate fleets and in the slave trade, gave him intrepidity, but also unscrupulousness. He rarely hesitated as to means when he saw an end before him that he wished to accomplish. Perhaps it was the poverty and obscurity of his younger years that filled him at a later period with so intense a craving after power and wealth. At any rate, this was the chief rock on which he wrecked his bark. His greed for gold and for rule, for place and pelf, was enormous and insatiable. It fully explains nearly all his misfortunes and most of his miseries. He made the fatal mistake of exacting from Ferdinand and Isabella that he, a foreign adventurer of low birth, should be made supreme admiral and viceroy in all the regions he should discover, and should have one-tenth of all gains whether from trade or conquest. This gave him a rank surpassed only by that of the sovereigns themselves, and had it been carried out, would have made him enormously rich. The terms were certainly exorbitant, and were exacted from the unwilling monarch only at the last moment and by the fear of losing forever what might possibly prove to be an immense empire. But in driving this hard bargain with

Ferdinand, and so making him his enemy, Columbus was guilty of supreme folly, and heavily was he made to pay for his grasping cupidity and overleaping ambition. Sorely did he prove, in much bitterness and many disappointments, how vain and vexing is the pursuit of these gewgaws.

We look in vain through his history for any trace of that true nobility of soul and loftiness of spirit which is content with having done a great work and is willing to leave to low minds the low rewards which alone such minds are qualified to comprehend. Nor do we find indication of special attachment to him on the part of any members of his crew. He was wholly devoid of tact in the management of men. He made nearly all who came near him to be his enemies. Those under him were constantly rebellious; those over him found him impracticable. He was thoroughly unfit to rule the colony for whose perpetual government he so stily stipulated; and his recall was inevitable, though the needless harshness of it was wholly unjustifiable.

We see not how he can be held guiltless for the unscrupulously sad fate which befell the guileless, unsuspecting natives of the islands he discovered, all of whom were ruthlessly swept from the face of the earth by him and his successors in a single generation. Cortez and Pizarro only followed the example that had already been set them. Columbus must be adjudged in a great degree responsible for the full consequences of the policy of kidnapping and enslaving which he inaugurated. It may indeed be pleaded that his faults were those of the age in which he lived; but we have a right to expect from a hero that he be above the moral debasements of his time; whereas, in point of fact, Columbus was below the best spirits of the age and shows no sensitiveness on points where better men were already protesting.

As to the merit of his discovery, it is not amiss to remember that he derived confidence to venture on his great undertaking chiefly from two large errors—the supposed smallness of the earth and the imaginary extension of Asia to the east. He had no intention or expectation of finding a new world. His desire and purpose were to bring back from the Indies by a short route wealth and fame for himself and his sovereign. He died in the firm conviction that Cuba was simply the extremity of the continent of Asia. This fact partly explains (and, together with many other things which have come to light in these recent years, helps to reconcile us to) the calling of the continent after Amerigo Vesputius, whose name was honorably and most prominently connected with the southern part of it in the early years of the sixteenth century when map-makers were hunting about for some way to distinguish what then began to be known as a new world. The accidental discovery of the coast of Brazil by Cabral in 1500, while on a voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, also shows that Columbus did not anticipate by a few years what would inevitably have come without him in that generation as a result of the adventurous spirit of the times and the constantly accumulating indications that westward the star of empire should take its way.

He died, this bold buccaner, in obscurity, poverty, and neglect, May 20, 1506, about sixty years old, worn out by hardships and disappointments. As Justin Winsor says: "His career is sadder, perhaps, than that of any other great man of his time." And President Charles Kendall Adams, who has written what is probably the best balanced and most judicious life of the Admiral, fully coincides with nearly all of Mr. Winsor's conclusions.

The story, as told by latest research, which strips off all fictitious glamour, is mainly one of misery and sin. For that part of the misery which flows directly from the sin the moral is, of course, obvious. And the whole life, with its few moments of triumph over against long years of struggle, is well served to emphasize the prophet's counsel: "Seek ye the great things for thyself? Seek them not!" But when we attempt great things for God, as did the great Englishman whose centennial we joyfully observe this month, and who is indeed a hero of most genuine sort, we can confidently expect great things from God both for ourselves and for the world.

Clinton, Mass.

NO CANONIZATION OF COLUMBUS.

WE have recently been asked whether Columbus was already a canonized saint of the Roman Catholic Church. No. The recent German Catholic Congress in Newark, N. J., advocated petitioning the Pope that he should be canonized. This proposal has been made heretofore. Pope Pius IX., the predecessor of the present Pope, is credited with the intention of canonizing the discoverer of America. The Catholic Church favors, in form and in reality, the purity and permanence of the marriage relation. It does not allow divorces except as cases are specialized under the decree of the Pope. The Genoese priest Sanguinetti and others contended heroically and furiously and successfully against the admission into the rank of saints of one who had issue born out of wedlock.

Columbus was married. There has been doubt when, with whom, under what circumstances. The exact date is uncertain, as is much of his biography; although difficulties are gradually yielding to the investigations of patient scholarship. It is now confidently affirmed that he was married in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, to a Portuguese girl named Felippa Maniz

estrello. He provided in his will for the saying of masses for the soul of his wife. When he left Portugal for Spain, he left a wife and children in indigence. No record of correspondence with his family has ever been found. Of his legitimate offspring, his heir and successor Diego is the only one of whom any record has been preserved. If this were all that was to be said, we might charitably conclude that misfortune separated Columbus from his family. But Fernando, the historian, was his natural yet illegitimate son by a Spanish woman, Beatriz Enriquez by name, and was born on the 15th of August, 1488. In his last will, which was duly signed and witnessed, May 19, 1506, the day before his death at Valladolid, he provided for the maintenance of Beatriz Enriquez, the mother of Fernando, and said: "Let this be done for the discharge of my conscience, for it weighs heavy on my soul—the reasons for which I am not here permitted to give."

It is said that in a conversation in regard to General Washington, an inquiry was made of Henry Clay as to his information in regard to certain vices imputed to the General by tradition. "Ah," said Mr. Clay, "General Washington was so good and great a man that no tradition to his disparagement should be remembered or repeated." The imputation of vices to public and historic characters on no better authority than tradition is not warrantable. But in this case there is no doubt about the history. Columbus admitted the accusation. It is not one of the doubtful points on which the biographers and verifiers spend their energies, to verify or disprove. The conscience of Columbus troubled him to the day of his death. It ought to trouble us to-day and unless he peace with God through Jesus Christ, England and the United States in recent years have given evidence that there are public men who can admit their guilt or who do not disprove it, and that the public conscience will not reduce them to private life.

Prof. Payne, of University College, Oxford, says that the intention of Pope Pius IX. to canonize Columbus, "however absurd on its face, was not without historical propriety, for Columbus, if any one, was a true son of his church." The meaning probably is that Columbus was true, loyal to the church. But the possible meaning, which might well be disclaimed, is that Columbus was a true product of medieval Catholicism. Doubtless he was. Ecclesiasticism produced him. The Romish popery of the fifteenth century could accept and sanction him. But the Church of Rome of the corresponding period of the nineteenth century will not dare to do what Pope Pius IX. proposed and canonize Columbus. He was not so good nor great that history and Christianity should stultify themselves by enrolling him among the saints of whom the world was not worthy. Let Columbus receive what he deserves; but when canonization, in form or fact or sentiment, is proposed, let the honor be conferred upon those whose grossness will not need to be explained away nor apologized for.

DISCOVERY SUNDAY, OR COLUMBIAN SUNDAY: WHY NOT?

REV. J. R. CUSHING.

HAS religion no duty on this anniversary? Have the churches no high privilege? Hear the President: "In the churches and in the other places of assembly of the people let there be expressions of gratitude to Divine Providence for the devout faith of the discoverer and for the Divine care and guidance which has directed our history and so abundantly blessed our people."

Our Fourth of July observances consist of patriotism and picnic, noise and nuisance, in about equal parts. "Memorial Sunday" gives a hint of possibilities. "Discovery Sunday" affords a wide field for the discussion of great themes that centre in this event, e. g., "God's Hand in History," "The Cloud and Pillar of Providence," "Small Beginnings of Great Results," "The Inspiration of a Great Idea," "Possibilities of Human Nature—not Disobedient to the Heavenly Vision," etc. True, these subjects are not neglected by the preacher, but here is an opportunity to impress a prepared people. Peter saw the point when Cornelius said, "Now, therefore, we are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God" (Acts 10: 33).

Illustrations abound that the incarnation of great ideas. A Moses in Egypt, a Pericles at Athens, a Luther at Worms, or a Wesley in England, are each an exponent of some dominant type of thought, of culture or reform. In the letters of Columbus he repeatedly tells us of his purpose—first of all that of a missionary. "He came at length to believe that the Most High had specially chosen him as His instrument to carry the light of a true faith into the kingdoms of Oriental paganism." (See "Facts of American History," Montgomery, p. 6.) This fact is in danger of an eclipse. Livingstone was first a missionary. John Adams wrote concerning the Declaration of Independence: "The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America, to be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival, commemorated as a day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty, with a grateful and patriotic remembrance of the sacrifices of the country to another, from this time forward forevermore." Those "solemn acts of devotion" are found only in the closets of His faithful ones.

Lately a movement has been made to set apart the Sunday preceding the Fourth by special services. Let the good work go on. But let us at once begin the observance of "Discovery Sunday." It will be instructive in all the transactions of history there is no act which, for vastness and performance, can be compared to the discovery of the continent of America by Columbus. Stand on the bow of a transatlantic steamer, and day after day look out upon the weary waste of waters—no vessel visible for days; the vast, dreary, stormy, desolate Atlantic everywhere—and the greatness of that imperial soul that dared to push his cockle-shell vessel, manned by faithless crews, to the goal for which he starved, grows upon you more and more. What wonder that the world takes from the life of Columbus one of its favorite illustrations of the absolute power of faith? "If he had not

united the three eternities of faith and hope and love, he would have utterly failed."

Let the pulpit set forth the results of that great discovery. Among them it may be noted:—

1. The New World provided an arena for an experiment with a new life. The movement was opportune. The first heat of the Reformation was seething in the congested life of Europe. The fetters of ages must be broken.

2. The New World furnished the essential elements for a government by the people and for the people. The essentials of such a system are a free church, a free press, and free schools for freemen. One writer on historical subjects (E. E. Hale) has called attention to the thought that "South America is the field wherein the Roman Catholic Church can show what she can do in civilizing a desert; and North America is the arena to display what the new-born church of the future can do." To us it is interesting to remember that Columbus personally led the first discovery of South America, and that he made the first effort for a colony on one-half of the continent. "Of these two experiments the North America and South America of today are the issue" (Hale).

3. Our institutions of freedom are unique. No standing army, no bustling fortresses, no burdensome tax-gatherers, no House of Lords; no law of primogeniture, no ancient feud, no tribunal of peace for all the States, one beating heart of true democracy, an open Bible and a heaven-prepared conscience. And the United States of America exist because of Columbus' faith-filled purpose.

All hail, Columbus! Long shine thy banners—stars to flash earth's best answer to the universe: "For all this I considered in my heart, even to declare all this, that the righteous, and the wise, and their works are in the hand of God." Let us not forget that poet, prophet and priest, statesman, singer, sage and scientist, pauper and prince, wise man and warrior, merchant and millionaire, are all messengers of Him who "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Moses did not emancipate Israel, but He who talked with Moses from His bush of fire. Luther did not transform the church, but He who sits King on the holy hill of Zion. Columbus was the human instrument that made it possible for old Independence Bell to proclaim, "Liberty throughout all the land to the inhabitants thereof." This new evangel shall yet echo round the world, for—

"Behind him, dim unknown,
Stands God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own."
Westward the course of empire take its way,
The first four acts already past;
The fifth shall close the drama of the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the great Azores;
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good made said: "Now must we pray,
For, lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sal on! sal on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow chafed, restless and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt water washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight land but see it not at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sal on! sal on! sal on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fail day."
These very words forgot their way,
For God from these dead stars is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—
"Sal on! sal on! sal on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mat see upon his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With little else but as if to die."
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
"What shall we do when home is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sal on! sal on! sal on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah! that night
Of dark nights! And then a speak—
"A light! A light! A light! A light!"
It drew, a starlit light unfurled;
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He raised his eyes, he gave that world
His grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

—Joquim Miller.

LORD TENNYSON.

REV. DAVID SHEPHERD, D. D.

ENGLAND, at length, mourns the departure of her great Laureate, who had so long remained a conspicuous figure, as well in court society and the seclusion of Freshwater and Aldworth as in the world of letters. Passing through all the stages of human life, he came to be well known and loved, and was able to present to the nation the ripe fruits, not less than the early and brilliant promise, of genius. In many respects a typical Englishman, he came to be a favorite with the cultivated classes throughout the English-speaking world. As there is a larger England, so he was a larger Englishman, in whom even his remotest cousins delighted, as he sang of the old home and of the deeds, traditions and aspirations of the race sprung from its soil.

Of the outer and inner life of this famous man we may here note a few things. The environment of an author has not a little to do with the development of his genius. To know his surroundings is often to know the man. Especially does this hold true of the impressive and receptive genius; the very landscape becomes imprinted on the mind of the student; the man is mastered by his instruments and materials.

The birthplace and home of Tennyson evidently exerted a lasting influence on the mind of the poet. He was

born in the rectory of Somersby, Aug. 5, 1809. His father, Rev. George Slayton Tennyson, D. D., the rector of a small parish, was himself a minor poet, a painter and architect. Reared in this home of taste and learning, the son early developed a genius for poetry. Like Pope, he began to slip numbers in the cradle. The scenery and life about Somersby, upon which his eyes first opened, reappears again and again in his poems. In the "Ode to Memory" we have the veritable brook which ran close by the rectory of this old Lincolnshire village:—

"... the brook that loves
To puri o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or pile in the dark of rusky coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter's tribute of the rough woodland."

Some have supposed the stream described in "The Brook" was that of Somersby. See the difference:—

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharp and trobles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I bubble on the pebbles.
"With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy forest seat
With willow-weed and mallow."

In the lawn in front of the rectory, the readers of Tennyson have a special interest. There, under the trees, the large family used to sit and converse, read and entertain friends, in the heat of summer. It was there young Arthur Hallam read the Tuscany poems and won the rector's daughter. It was from that lawn Hallam wrote Gladstone in 1830: "I hope you will buy and read Alfred Tennyson's poems; the author promises fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century." Gladstone took note of the prophecy of his friend, and has lived to see the completed course of the poet. "In Memoriam," which marked the culmination of Tennyson's genius, is intimately associated with the memory and early death of Arthur Hallam.

In 1852 Tennyson purchased an estate containing four or five hundred acres, at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, where he afterwards remained in comparative retirement. The estate is known as Farringford. At first he remained there through the year. Some years later he purchased a small estate at Aldworth, near the village of Haslemere, on the Black Down in Hampshire, where he used to spend the summer months and where he died. From the house at Aldworth, the residence of Prof. Tyndall is distinguishable. The grounds at Aldworth are finely laid out, though not ornamented in the best manner, by shrubbery and flowers. The poet delighted in the retirement and quiet of the locality. The Tyndalls were almost the only neighbors with whom the family maintained intimate relations. At Freshwater, whither he repaired in October, his favorite companion was a Roman Catholic priest, Rev. Peter Haythornthwaite, a man extremely popular over the south part of the island for his bonhomie, learning and gentlemanly bearing. Scarcely a day passed without a visit at Farringford House by the good priest. In the invitation to his friend, F. D. Mazurke, he describes Farringford. Come, he said,—

"Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown,
All round a canvas-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.
For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, and had the good fortune to hold the position forty-two years—longer than any of his predecessors. Wordsworth held the place seven years, and Southey thirty. Ben Jonson was Poet Laureate from 1616 to 1633, and Chaucer the laurel thirty-two years, and Edmund Spenser only eight.

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St. Paul, Minn.

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(Continued from Page 2.)

The great names among the Laureates are few—Chaucer, Gower and Spenser in earlier times, and Southey and Wordsworth more recently. Of all who won the honor, only Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden and Wordsworth excelled in genius the last Laureate. Soon after his appointment he was called to produce an ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, some words of which will be read with interest in connection with the poet's own burial:

"All is over and done;
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mold.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd."

And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross.

And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him."

In the case of Tennyson the brilliant promise of early years was not disappointed. Each issue showed an advance until he came to the ripeness of genius. The high place so long held in the literary world gives evidence of rare powers as a poet. As to the exact qualities of his genius, the critics are not altogether agreed. In artistic finish, in harmony and form, his work is conceded to be of a high order. It is finished work by a high artist. No line escapes him until complete in its language and rhythm. Minute touches give delicacy and beauty to every part. No poems of our day are so labored as those of Tennyson; they are the work of a scholar, delighting in accuracy and harmony. Trained and bitted, his genius makes no wild dashes, no deviations from the recognized track.

These statements suggest his leading limitations and defects. He is too perpendicular and starched to please the mass of readers. His art is beyond them. The masonry is built so solidly and elegantly about the "Pleurian spring" as to check the free flow of its waters. There is perfection of form, color and finish at the expense of spontaneity. The waters never break irresistibly to the surface. The spirit of the prophet is always subject to the prophet; the message never overmasters him. Nothing is allowed to exceed the regulation fashion.

But while Tennyson, with these limitations, may not be the greatest of our poets, he will be accounted one of the sweetest and most beautiful. If he fails to furnish the gold ingots of Wordsworth and Browning, he excels them all in the capacity to work up his material into intellectual jewelry of every conceivable pattern and with the utmost delicacy and finish to the minutest detail. There was no cheap work in his shop. The best possible with his material was his working motto.

"The defect in the genius of Tennyson was delicately and truthfully touched by Emerson. 'There is no finer ear,' he said, 'nor more command of the keys of language. Color like the dawn flows over the horizon from his pencil in waves so rich that we do not miss the central form.' In this gentle voice of the critic we hear the judgment of posterity.

"Crossing the Bar" is the final poem in the collection published in 1889, which will be read with interest, now the poet "has put out to sea."

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that it swells from out the boundless deep
Turns again home;

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

"For though from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Finally, we repeat what Lewis Morris wrote on the Laureate's eightieth birthday:—

"Master and dear, say yet, for there is none
Worthy to take thy place today, or wear
Thy laurel when thy singing days are done!
As yet the halls of song are mute and bare,
Nor voice melodious wakes the tuneless air,
Save some weak, faltering accents faintly heard.

Stay with us; 'neath thy spell the world
grows fair,
Our hearts revive, our inmost souls are stirred,
And all our English race awaits thy latest word."

The Conferences.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

Providence District.
Providence Preachers' Meeting.—The announcement that Rev. S. M. Gorton would preach a sermon on "Capital Punishment" was sufficient to call together a good company of ministers and laymen. Bro. Gorton strongly advocated capital punishment in case of murder.

Mathewson St.—The pastor, Rev. Clark Crawford, is very much encouraged in his work. Increasing congregations wait on his ministry, and a good interest prevails in all of the meetings. Two were received by letter Oct. 2.

East Providence, Haven Church.—A full house attended Rev. S. M. Gorton's first sermon in a series on "Current Sayings and their Fallacies." The pastor at the morning service baptized 1, received 1 on probation, and 1 into full membership.

St. Paul's.—Rev. J. W. Webb, D. D., preached the first of a series of sermons on "Columbus," Sunday evening, Oct. 2, and

many were turned away for want of room to accommodate them.

Pastor, First Church.—The pastor, Rev. P. M. Vinton, received 3 from probation on last Sunday. They held a very interesting missionary meeting in the evening. Addresses were made by the pastor and several young ladies of the church.

Thomson Church.—This church has prospered wonderfully during the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Newland, both temporally and spiritually. Accessions to the church are frequent. On Sunday, Oct. 2, 3 were received by letter.

Central Falls.—Pastor Rich reports a very interesting Sunday. Four were received into full membership, all from the Sunday-school, as the result of last winter's religious interest.

MELTON.

BROCKTON AND VICINITY.

Brockton and Vicinity Preachers' Meeting met Monday, Oct. 3, in Central Church, Brockton. President C. N. Hinckley called the meeting to order. After singing, prayer was offered by Bro. Hinckley. The order of the day was a review of King's "Future Retribution," by Rev. F. P. Parkin. Bro. Parkin read a carefully-prepared paper, and an interesting discussion followed.

Brockton and Vicinity Methodist Social Union met at Hotel Belmont, Brockton, Monday evening, Oct. 17. Rev. Emory J. Hayes, D. D., of People's Church, Boston, and Bishop R. S. Foster will give addresses.

Campello.—The pastor, Rev. G. W. Hunt, has just closed a series of Sunday evening talks to laboring men. These discourses have been highly spoken of by the local press, and that they have been much appreciated by the people is evident, the house being filled to utmost capacity at every service. The mission Sunday-school recently started has fifty enrolled, and an average attendance of forty. Bro. Hunt preaches to an audience of seventy-five at the mission every Sunday afternoon.

Central Church.—On Wednesday, Sept. 28, a missionary convention was held in this church. Mrs. E. N. Jewell, a returned missionary from China, gave an interesting and profitable address. On Friday a Sunday-school convention was held, afternoon and evening. The lesson for Oct. 2 was taught to a class of children by Miss Bertha F. Vella. In the evening Miss Vella gave an address. Both her teaching and her address were of a high order, and showed her to be a master in her department. Oct. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, were received by letter, 10 from probation, and 11 upon probation. The pastor, Rev. F. P. Parkin, has been conducting special services with gratifying results.

Franklin Chapel.—Rev. F. H. Spear is discouraged because the house will not hold the people who come to hear him preach. The work at the chapel is growing, the outlook is good, and a new church is an absolute necessity for the prosperity of this society.

Cochester.—Pastor Clark is not only laboring to remove the debt, but is also looking after the benevolences. Last Sunday he preached on Conference home missions.

Swedish Church.—Rev. Herman Young, pastor, reports conversions all summer through. A new church is much needed here also. Anybody having money to spend in church extension work would do well to see Bro. Young.

East Bridgewater.—Rev. L. H. Massey, pastor, reports the work hopeful: 1 received from probation, 1 by letter, and sinners seeking salvation.

Holbrook.—The pastor, Rev. J. H. Buckley, received 2 by letter and 5 on probation. Three weeks of special services have been held. These meetings were a great blessing to the church, and 27 started for the kingdom. Revs. A. B. Williams, of West Abington, G. A. Sisson, of South Scituate, G. W. Hunt, of Campello, Rev. Mr. Bowring, of the Baptist Church, Randolph, and Evangelist Joel Bassett, of Providence, assisted in the meetings. The third quarterly conference was held Oct. 5, and the church was found in good condition financially.

Pearl St., Brockton.—Rev. J. E. Johnson, pastor. The work of the Lord is prospering wonderfully. Last Sunday 6 were received on probation, 1 by letter, and 10 were baptized.

NORWICH DISTRICT.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the New England Southern Conference was held at South Scituate, Wednesday, Sept. 21. A lovely day, bright, warm and sunny, greeted us first; then a company of bright, cheery women met us at the church at 9.30, when the convention was called to order by Mrs. T. J. Everett. A brief but helpful prayer-service prepared the way for the business of the day. And it was business, straight through, stopping only for the noon hour of dinner and social talk.

Reports from corresponding and recording secretaries, treasurer and district officers, were read and accepted. An essay on "City Evangelization," by Mrs. G. W. Mansfield, of the New England Conference, and a reading, "Mite-box Pledge," by Mrs. J. S. Bridgford, of Barnstable, Conn., were among the "breaks" in the afternoon.

The same officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. T. J. Everett; corresponding secretary, Mrs. D. L. Brown; recording secretary, Mrs. P. R. Clifford; treasurer, Mrs. J. F. Brownell. The reports showed the work of the Conference auxiliary to be prosperous. Present membership, 839; subscribers to *Woman's Home Missions*, 339; to *Deaconess Journal*, 22. The pledges of last year are all redeemed, and we are looking forward to a more successful year's work even than the last.

The evening service was very interesting. A fine organ solo by Miss Myrtle Case, with a full chorus of voices, formed the musical program. Mrs. James Mather read a paper on "Systematic Giving." Mrs. G. W. Mansfield gave the address of the evening, her subject being "Immigrants' Work," closing with a sketch of our own immigrants' home at East Boston.

Mrs. D. L. BROWN, Cor. Sec.

New Bedford District.

Several Sunday-schools on the district have set apart a special day for the ingathering of scholars who had dropped out during the summer. The results justify the effort. "Ingathering Sunday" at St. Paul's, Fall River, was a gratifying success; while "Rallying Sunday" at Plymouth called out the largest attendance in the history of the school.

The church at Somerset, Rev. R. J. Flood, pastor, is enjoying a prosperous year. The pastor's welcome when he reached this new field of work was warm and thoughtful. He found the parsonage well fitted with substantial tokens of the interest these good people take in their pastor and family.

Later, a May-basket, containing some dishes, a very desirable portion of a grocery store, other articles of value, and a purse of money, was presented to the pastor. Mrs. Flood has been greatly afflicted by the sickness and death of her mother, and the sympathy and prayers of the church have been very comforting and helpful to her. An Epworth League has recently been organized, with a

membership of 27. Congregations, collections and general interest will show a gratifying increase.

Plymouth.—On Monday evening, Sept. 10, the Epworth League gave a reception to the elderly people of the church. Between thirty and forty people over sixty years of age were present, despite the unfavorable rain shower just at the hour of gathering, and were royally "received." Beautiful decorations, a literary program beginning with an address of welcome, old-fashioned and touching hymns, and a supper, were among the features arranged and most gracefully carried out by the League for the enjoyment of their guests. Very appropriately the next Sunday was observed as Old Folks' day.

At Pleasant St. Church, New Bedford. Several persons have recently requested prayers. Oct. 2, 1 was admitted to probation and 1 into full membership.

At the Fourth St. Church, New Bedford. 4 were admitted into the church on profession of faith.

At the Allen St. Church, 1 was received by letter and 1 into full connection.

Several of the Methodist laymen of New Bedford are candidates for various official positions. Robert F. Raymond, esq., of the Allen St. Church, is candidate for moderator general on the Prohibition ticket. Capt. Franklyn Howland, of the Pleasant Street Church, is candidate of the same party for member of Congress from the thirteenth congressional district. Senator William M. Butler, of the County St. Church, is a candidate for re-election from the third Bristol senatorial district on the Republican ticket. I. B. Thompson, of the Pleasant St. Church, is a candidate of the same party for representative in the General Court from the sixth Bristol district; and Clarence H. Sherman, of the Allen St. Church, is a Prohibition nominee for the same office. It may be well to call the attention of the preachers of the district to the action of our last Annual Conference, as follows:—

"Resolved, That we pledge ourselves and will urge our people [Italics noted] not to vote for any candidate for office who favors the licensing of the saloon either by high or low license, believing that it 'can never be legalized without sin.'"

MAINE CONFERENCE.

Lewiston District.

Obsequies and Long Island.—Things are moving along here prosperously under the wise and vigorous management of Bro. Wright. This charge expects to pay \$700 salary besides the rent. Extensive repairs on the church edifice are soon to commence. At our recent visit Rev. Geo. Hoyt, a former pastor, joined me and preached an excellent sermon—a thing which he is accustomed to do.

Harpesfield.—Bro. Lombard is pursuing his studies at Brunswick, and preaches here on the Sabbath. Because of its separation from Orr's Island the charge is left numerically and financially weak, and the present arrangement seems to be the only one open to them. There is a large force of young people here, and the Epworth League is an important factor in the work of the church.

The Tuesday evening meetings are under its auspices and are largely attended. Bro. Hoyt, who was pastor here last year, was with me, and the people greatly enjoyed his visit.

Orr's Island.—Bro. Sylvester and wife are very popular with the people here. The finances of the charge are in an excellent condition. It is by no means a settled question that it was a wise thing to separate these places. Bro. Hoyt preached another excellent sermon here.

These three places have been unusually thronged with summer visitors. It is the general verdict that they add something to the finances, but hinder the legitimate work of the churches.

West Cumberland.—This is a country church and the people are widely scattered. We enjoyed a recent Sunday very much. Congregations were large in the morning and evening. The floral decorations by the League were among the finest that we have seen. The Tuesday evening meetings are under the auspices of the Epworth League, and the attendance is often fifty or more. Bro. Clark is greatly encouraged in his work. His friends have shown their appreciation of his services by presenting him with a good family horse. Some additional repairs on the parsonage are greatly needed, and we were assured that they would be attended to before cold weather.

Will the pastors please remember that Zion's Herald will be sent a month of trial free? It will be stopped at the end of the month if its continuance is not desired, and this without any trouble on the part of the persons receiving it. I am more and more impressed with the importance of largely increasing its circulation.

Gorham, N. H.—Bro. Trafton and wife are doing excellent service, and find their hands stayed up by a kind and generous people. Sister Trafton has supplied the pulpit for the Congregational Church once or twice, and they say they do not want any better supply. She is frequently called into neighboring towns for special services. The Epworth League under her management is prospering. Spiritual work is being emphasized. She is preparing the young people for a second Democratic contest. The members of the League have presented her with a fine rocking-chair and table. Bro. Trafton is a member of the executive committee of a recently formed Law and Order League. Aggressive temperance work is greatly needed in these New Hampshire towns.

Berlin, N. H.—Bro. Greenhaigh has generously volunteered to relinquish one hundred dollars of his salary. This place is a study and a surprise. A genuine bonanza struck the place. A piece of property on the principal street that sold seven years ago for \$2,800. Railroads are pushing out from this centre into these vast timber regions. In a few years most of this lumber will be sawed much nearer the spot upon which it grows, and be shipped to the Western market on the cars, instead of being run down the river and saved in Lewiston and other places far down the river. The air is full of secular enterprises. The main street is being macadamized at great cost. The population is already about 5,000. Roman Catholics largely predominate. The entire membership of the seven Protestant churches is only about three hundred. Here we have about thirty members, none of them wealthy, and no church property. But Pastor Greenhaigh is plucky and wise, and the church is hopeful, and it looks as if Methodism had a mission here. Already it takes the lead in the size of its congregations, so far as the Protestant churches are concerned. If some rich man could realize the possibilities of this place and would give a thousand dollars as the be-

ginning of a building fund, it would be a grand monument of an imperishable kind.

Nessey.—A recent issue of the *Christian Witness* speaks of a member of the New England Conference being sent to a small and hard charge as a punishment for being promiscuous in the holiness movement. If being sent such a charge is positive proof of being eminently devoted, then we have quite a number on this district who must be ranked among the spiritual heroes. But, whatever may be said about them by others, they are the last ones to pose as martyrs. These fields are hard and the pay is small, and such is the trend of things that there is no immediate prospect of any great change. If these people have the Gospel, somebody must have the holiness work. There was a charge reported at the last Conference twenty members in full and twelve probationers. We own one-half of a good and attractive church. The Baptists have long since ceased to occupy it. We also own a good parsonage. Bro. A. K. Bryant is held in the highest esteem by all the people. His morning congregation during the summer averaged between fifty and sixty; in the afternoon he drove five miles and preached in a school-house to a good congregation. Part of the time he fords the river and crosses the mountain and preaches a third time. He superintends and teaches in two Sunday-schools each Sunday, excepting once a month when he goes into the "regions beyond" and preaches several times on Sunday and on other days. His farthest point from home, over hilly roads, is about fifty miles. To do his work he is obliged to keep a span of horses. His salary, including rent, is \$400, and yet he is happy and cheerful; he finds the people in this far-off district hungry for the Gospel. He has frequent calls for lectures and addresses, and finds time to help those who are having a harder time than himself. He recently gave a neighboring church, where the pastor has serious sickness in his family, two illustrated lectures, and added \$15 to the treasury. The race of heroic Methodist ministers is by no means extinct. One other fact will indicate the spirit of this pastor: One Sunday, when quite a number of summer visitors were present, he took his missionary collection. It amounted to \$3, and other parts of the charge may add to this; but, all things considered, this is very generous.

Bethel.—Bro. Fickett has formed a class at *Lock's Mills* consisting of twenty-one members. There is quite a good prospect that this place can be attached to some other village and form a circuit another year. He has secured seventeen new subscribers to *Zion's Herald*, and intends to have twenty-five before the canvass is closed. He thoroughly believes in the paper as a pastor ally, so he puts his soul into the canvass, and this is the secret of his success. I wish all the pastors would push the canvass with like success. Sister Fickett is the efficient president of this Junior League. The girls are making a quilt, and the boys are making picture albums for the missionary barrel. There is delay in getting the pews for the new church; it will not be dedicated before Christmas, probably; but by putting in temporary seats they expect to occupy it in October. All the interests of the church are in a thriving condition.

Mason.—Bro. Poore and wife are greatly afflicted in the continued and serious sickness of their only child—a sweet and bright little girl of unusual promise. For months the little one has been a great sufferer and a constant care. But with this deep sorrow on his heart he is pushing on in his work with excellent results. Special revival services have been held of late, and quite a number have been converted. This young brother and his wife are specially deserving of the sympathy and prayers of the people. Rev. H. K. Bryant, of Newry, has given the church here the benefit of two illustrated lectures. His kind generosity was greatly appreciated.

South Waterford and Sweden.—The interests of this charge are at rather low ebb, but Bro. Gowell is laboring on with great courage. The receipts for the support of preaching for the first five months of the Conference year were only about \$70 aside from a small missionary appropriation; and yet Bro. G. has kept from running into debt. Waterford is the birthplace and burial-place of "Artemus Ward." An old school-mate of his told me that his last will and testament was generally considered his last joke. Horace Greeley was appointed one of the executors, and quite large sums were bequeathed to different persons and for different objects, but these amounts of property were never found. I passed by the birthplace of the late Rev. Aaron Sanderson in the early evening when the moon was nearly full. It almost seemed as if his mellow light specially loved to linger among these branching trees.

At Sweden our church is the only one that is open for service. The congregation is quite good. The edifice has been partially shingled, and the shingles are on the ground for the remainder. Small additional repairs will make this a very neat and pleasant house. A few noble and devoted souls on both parts of this charge are staying up the hands of the pastor. Through all these farming districts the people, as a rule, work hard and honest; they are kind and hospitable, and often go long distances to church.

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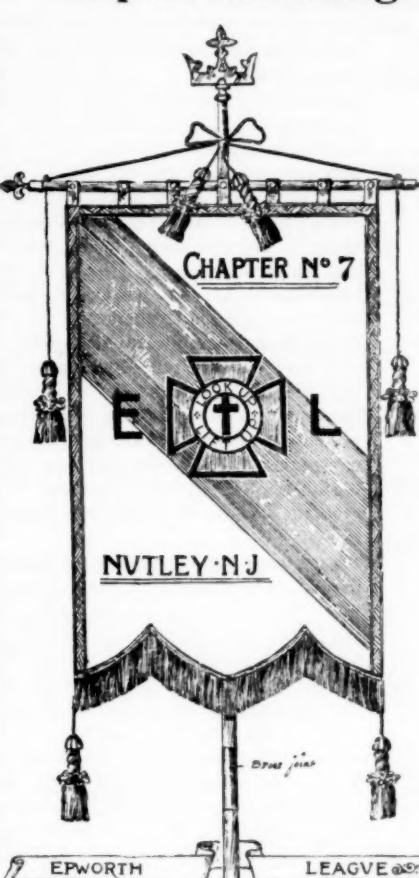
APPLES—Choice Hubbard, 80¢; 9¢; 10¢; 11¢; BUTTER—New York and Vermont dairy, good to choice, 25¢; 26¢; 27¢; 28¢; 29¢; 30¢; 31¢; 32¢; 33¢; 34¢; 35¢; 36¢; 37¢; 38¢; 39¢; 40¢; 41¢; 42¢; 43¢; 44¢; 45¢; 46¢; 47¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢; 51¢; 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

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Fall Term begins August 22, 1892.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1892.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass. as second-class matter.]

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SILENT FORCES.

Silence is an evidence of power. All great forces work silently. It is only the energy of little things which expands itself in noise and violence. The power which carries millions of worlds through millions of miles of space is as noiseless as the drifting of a bit of thistledown; whereas the engine which crushes a fragment of rock in a corner of the universe sends its vibrations in sound-waves through the inextinguishable expanse of ether.

So it is with human lives. It is weakness and smallness that make most of the clamor in the world. True power runs deeply and silently. The great soul always has a tendency to repression. Its strength does not lie on the surface, but deep down, so that its action is not readily seen or heard. But it accomplishes the great things of life.

True character—the character that influences the world—is for the most part silent. It does not work by exhortation, persuasion, or any form of words soever, but by faithful living, noble action, sweet and quiet influence. These are the silent but potent forces which rule the moral universe. Men may preach and exhort, entreat and command, but after all it is silent character which influences and moves the world. One true, consistent, noble, Godlike man in a community is like a central sun around which a little universe of humanity revolves. What that man does is more than what all others say; how he lives, is better and more potent gospel than can be preached by any lips. The power of genuine character is both magnetic and dynamic. It attracts, and it compels. But all its action goes on in silence. Its gospel is not proclaimed, but lived. The deed comes before the word, and needs no word to utter it. Such lives, expressing themselves in character, are God's best evangelists. They are the silent but prevailing forces which hasten on the coming of Christ's kingdom.

THE FELICITIES OF OUR NARROWER LIFE.

Of the larger life, opened to the men and women of the modern world, we hear frequent commendation. The commendation is fitting, since the forces and appliances, material and moral, have made for us a new and marvelous world. Steam and electricity have done much to annihilate space; enterprise has compassed sea and land; science has searched out the hid treasures of the earth and carried its conquests into the fields of space. As geology and geography have meted out the earth, so astronomy, with the telescope and the spectroscopic, has measured and mapped and weighed the worlds above. To live in our day is to have an outlook of which the fathers had no knowledge. Kings a thousand years ago were less favored than the common laborer of today. The broader life is not only possible to us, but is thrust into our field of vision; its advantages are, as it were, inevitable to us.

Great as are the advantages and attractions of this wider prospect made possible to us, the narrower sphere to which the lives of most of us must be so largely confined has much for our entertainment and edification. The general improvement has not all come in relation to what is distant. Our narrower life is made richer by what has come into it through advance in the intelligence and experience of the race. The familiar things with which we are constantly intimate are more to us than they once were. The cottage no less than the palace has been brightened. Science, while opening the distant and the magnificent, the marvels of creative power and skill, has thrown a charm about the common places of daily life. The kitchen even becomes a laboratory, where are evolved and utilized the most mysterious and powerful chemical forces. The grounds about the most humble home are rich with the most curious types of vegetable and animal life, each one of which, though so long unnoted, makes a study for months. The atmosphere teems with insect life, curiously fashioned, and the grove

close by is another Eden, where God sends an orchestra morning and evening to dispense, free of charge, such music as the money of kings cannot buy. Indoor life, too, has felt the touch of these uplifting influences. The peasant in the hovel has things the noble in other ages knew not. The average cottage has conveniences today the earlier kings had not. Greater than all the things, is the eye to see, the mind to appreciate, the soul to adore, given to common men in our time. Much as modern study has done for us in the arts and conveniences of life, it has done still more in us, in causing us to realize that the man is greater than the thing. The awakening in the soul to the sense of beauty, the personal renaissance, is the most invaluable blessing. To be transported to the most distant and beautiful worlds is less than to have our eyes opened to the Aladdin's palace in which the humblest dwell, to have a soul to appreciate the divine workmanship of our environment. The most common place is rich in pictured beauty and set with precious stones. It needs only the eye to see.

To a large extent the secret of man's happiness is confined to this narrower life. We do not forget the value of the larger outlook, the enlargement of soul which comes from a study of the distant and unfamiliar, but, after all, our abiding and satisfying knowledge comes from what is familiar; it is actual knowledge; we see and handle it. We can really know the larger life only as we reach it through the narrower, which is a sort of alphabet and first lesson to reach what is larger and grander. Home joys are an indispensable experience in appreciating the wider range; the simple tastes and habits acquired on the hillside farm or in the country village are a key to what is best and most marvelous in Paris or Rome.

The lesson for this generation is one of appreciation for the things at hand. We have not to ascend into heaven nor to descend into the deep; the world is high up. Delight comes, not from palaces or millions, but from an appreciative soul able to read what is beautiful in common and familiar objects. This narrower life is not mean. It may have for us the best things. All depends on what we are. A king may be mean in a palace; a peasant may house a royal soul in a hovel; the nobility is not in the condition, but in the man. A great soul is greater than all it can inherit; for such a soul finds the handwork of God, as an inexhaustible possession, all about it.

COLUMBUS MEDIEVAL YET MODERN.

In dealing with Columbus and the Columbian celebrations, the problems of scholarship soon graduate into the problems of ethics. Many of the facts concerning his birth, early history, domestic life, true character and place of burial, are controverted by scholars. In some respects the entire Columbian memorial is an anachronism. Columbus did not discover America, nor was he the first to inform Europeans of its existence. The Northmen discovered it five centuries before Columbus. The scholars of England and America, of the placid and unbiased universities, are convinced on these points, and are gradually boding forth to the people the historic evidences and proofs. Nothing practical and permanent came of their discoveries. Hence they themselves have needed to be re-discovered and assigned their proper place in history. Columbus directly and indirectly brought the Old and New Worlds into communication, and made the New World historical. He thought he had discovered India. Peter Martyr was wiser than he, and conjectured that he had reached a new region of the globe. The sum of his discoveries made during four voyages included the West Indian archipelago, the mouths of the Orinoco, and the coasts of Honduras and Darien. His due, and no more than his due, should be conceded to him. His title to fame and honor as related to America is not primary, but secondary. It is due not to his discoveries, but to his results.

The discovery and colonization of Iceland were the beginnings of the discovery and colonization of the New World. From Iceland the Northmen passed to Greenland, and regular communication between the two places was established. The discovery of Greenland was the first discovery of America by Europeans. In the year 986, the discoverers returned and reported, and their reports are still available.

The judgment of the character of Columbus is to be made in the light of previous and contemporary history. It is difficult to transport one's self in spirit into his times, as inherited and created. He belongs historically to medievalism, to the period which has been called the "Dark Ages." The Bible was not in popular circulation. The darkness was intellectual, moral, religious, general, although not universal. Then, as always, God had a seed to serve Him, a choice remnant. Then, as always, some men were in advance of their times, and Columbus was one of them, as Calvin was a little later, notwithstanding his gross faults of temper and era. The same allowances are to be made for Columbus as are made for Abraham and David, no more, no less. He had his Hagar and Bathsheba. He deceived deliberately and often those who were under his authority. He was not equal to a power to the contrary when strong motives to falsify were present. He kept two reckonings, the true one for himself, and a false one, false by one-fifth or one-sixth as to distances, for the sailors. A reward of ten thousand maravedis per year had been promised by Ferdinand and Isabella to the person on the first voyage

who should descry land. Columbus admits that land was first seen and announced by Rodrigo de Triana, a poor sailor of the "Pinta," at two o'clock on the morning of October 12. But after his return he set up the demand for himself; and to him it was promptly adjudged and paid by the king and queen. The sailor, thinking himself ignominiously defrauded, renounced Christianity and went to live among the Mohammedans, whom he regarded as a juster people. After reaching Cuba on his second voyage, Columbus drew up the eighty men of his crew, and required them to swear before a notary that it was possible to go from Cuba to Spain by land. Accordingly, it was solemnly sworn that Cuba was a part of the mainland—Cathay; and it was further ordered that if any skeptic should deny this important fact, he should be fined ten thousand maravedis. If any lack of faith in this geographical fact should disclose itself on the part of any common sailor, the culprit, as he would not have the money, was to be hanged by the neck, and then be incapacitated for further lying by having his tongue pulled out. Columbus was not, so far forth, even humanitarian. "No man," says one historian, "ever had fewer scruples in the exercise of all the authority conferred upon him."

His knowledge was limited. Seamanish, by early and long experience, was his forte. He was an Admiral in fact as well as in name. He lacked tact, and yet he had enough of it to make his voyages speedily and safely. He was visionary, and persistent to the point of obstinacy. He seemed mercenary, and yet the gold that he sought and demanded was to release souls from purgatory and put them into Paradise. He wanted titles and honors and spoils. He insisted on having them from the sovereigns and the people. He was gratified, although he was afterward cashiered and dishonored.

He was religious according to the standards of his church and times. That is not saying much, for the standards were low. They were not Biblical nor Protestant, nor honorable as tested by the ordinary ethics of the world and of business in our times. They savored more of Pharisaic Judaism than of true Christianity. Contradictions between truth and right were rampant. But Columbus was not a hypocrite in form or reality. Before leaving Spain on his third voyage in 1498, he enjoined that Diego, his son, should found four professorships of theology in the island of Espanola, and afterward increase the number; that he should build a church and hospital in honor of St. Mary of the Conception; that the income from his shares of the Bank of St. George at Genoa should be devoted to the recovery of the holy places and the maintenance of the political Papacy.

These are specimen facts of his whole career. Hence he is to be historically judged, like Henry VIII. and Napoleon. He was a double-minded man, as all human nature is double-minded. He was not a model for children nor for adults. But he was a forward-looking man, venturesome, prophetic, anticipative, productive, efficient. The world was waking from the sleep of centuries, and Columbus in person and work was a herald of the dawn. He sailed before sunrise on his first voyage. The ideas may have required that he should, but his spirit led him, also. The kings and queens of his era were not so advanced as he. He was a pleader before them, and an advocate for newness in enterprises, experiments and risks, for the sake of a New World. He was successful, repeatedly so, and the rolling of the world in space is less sensible to its inhabitants than is the progress of America since he landed, October, 1492.

The Ericson Monument.

There is one monument in Boston to which the Columbian celebrations necessarily draw attention. It is the monument to Leif Ericson at the west end of Commonwealth Avenue, opposite the entrance of the new Bay Park. The history of the man is that he was the son of the Red, the Earl of Norway, Blarne Herjolfsen, of Groeland, visited his father late in the tenth century, and his visit awakened talk of his discovery, and led to the discovery of Iceland and the shores of New England. Leif bought Blarne's vessel, and hired a crew of thirty-five men to go in search of these new lands. They soon beheld the land where Blarne had last touched before reaching Greenland, and called it "The Land of Flat Stones." They re-sailed and found another land, and called it "Wood Land." Again they put to sea and discovered "Wind Land." "The Land of Flat Stones" included the southern parts of Labrador and the island of Newfoundland. "Wood Land" was the wooded coast of Nova Scotia. "Wind Land" was New England. An island off the mainland (Nantucket) was reached and the honey-dew sipped from the grass, the peculiar sweetness of which may still be tasted there. They saw a nest of mainland lying opposite and jutting northward, which was the peninsula of Cape Cod. They passed through a bay now known as Narragansett Bay, and landed at the mouth of the Pecoset River, sojourning for the winter in the part of the present State of Rhode Island. E. J. Payne, Fellow of University College, Oxford, Eng., and the very latest historian of "The New World called America," says: "No doubt can be left on the mind of the candid inquirer that the first part of the American Continent inhabited by European sojourners was in the heart of the fertile region which afterward became famous by the name of New England."

In 1002 Leif's brother Thorvald sailed to the new land and reached a promontory in the neighborhood of Boston, which may have been Garnet Point or Cape Alderton. On landing, he ejaculated: "Right fair is this land; here would I fain build my dwelling." He was slain by a dwarf, an apparently wild species of men of the Esquimaux race, and buried with a wooden cross at his feet. Hence the place was called Cross-Neck.

The Scandinavian discovery of America had no permanent results. A Northman born in "Wind Land" (New England) in 1008 was the ancestor of Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor. The Northmen placed on record striking facts in the natural history of

the new continent, including the wild vine, of which seven different species are indigenous to New England. Reputed vestiges of the Northmen are yet to be seen in New England. The celebrated Old Mill of Newport is not devoid of resemblance to buildings left by the Northmen in Greenland. The "Dighton Writing Rock" on the Taunton River, often supposed to be of Norse origin, is more probably of Indian origin. A copy of it was shown to Washington at Cambridge in 1789, who pronounced it of Indian origin, and compared it with similar inscriptions which he had met with while surveying in the West.

The statue of Ericson was erected in 1867. It is of bronze, representing him as wearing the ancient armor of the Norseman—a shirt of mail, a two edged sword, and a pointed helmet. The pedestal is of red granite. The sculptor was Miss Anne Whitney. Ericson was a man of great stature, in all things prudent and moderate.

PERSONALS.

—We acknowledge a pleasant call, last week, from ex Gov. W. F. Dillingham, of Watbury, Vt.

—The missionary department of the Northern Christian Advocate has been edited for twenty-one years by Rev. Dr. J. T. Gracey.

—Dr. A. S. Hunt, of the American Bible Society, has presented the Wesleyan Mission House in London an oil portrait of Bishop Asbury.

—Bishop Bowman and Dr. B. F. Rawlins, we learn from the *Westerns*, are to give their valuable theological libraries to De Pauw University.

—Bishop Foster returned last week in excellent health, notwithstanding he had been occupied several weeks in the West in holding conferences.

—Bishop Merrill has revised his "Digest of Methodist Law" to conform to the changes in the new Discipline, and a new edition will soon be issued.

—C. C. Kelso, of Detroit, who is under appointment as principal of the Anglo-Chinese school at Singapore, will sail from New York on the "City of Paris," Nov. 23.

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—Rev. E. T. Currier and wife, of Webster, recently returned to their charge from an extended and enjoyable tour in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee.

—On Thursday evening last, Prof. H. G. Mitchell delivered his illustrated lecture on Egypt before an attentive audience at the University Settlement, No. 1 Poplar St.

—A letter was received by one of our parishioners last week from Rev. C. L. Wood, of New York, who was in excellent health and greatly enjoying his trip.

—B. H. Cox, the indefatigable Sunday-school worker of whom we have already made favorable mention, is now laboring with the City Point Sunday-school in this city.

—Rev. E. Warriner, of New York East Conference, was unanimously elected chaplain-in-chief of the Union Veterans' union at its annual national encampment in Washington, D. C.

—Dr. William Butler, our veteran missionary to India and Mexico, says that the last official report shows that there are 1,130 members of the Jesuitical order in the United States.

—Rev. E. S. Nide, son of Bishop Nide, removes from the frontier circuit where he was sent by his own request last year, and becomes pastor at Wyandotte, in the suburbs of Detroit, Mich.

—There was great wisdom in that declaration of Bishop A. G. Haygood to candidates for admission to Conference when he told them to get their doctrines out of the Word of God, and not out of their own experience.

—Prof. George B. Nide, who for ten years has labored in Pernambuco, South America, is about to return to this country on account of his invalid wife. He is the son of Mrs. Mary Nide, of Detroit.

—The decoration of the Legion of Honor has been conferred by the French government on Rev. Dr. McAll, who has labored assiduously for twenty years for the evangelization of the masses in France.

—Lady Henry Somerset, president of the British Woman's Christian Temperance Union, returned with Miss Frances E. Willard and Miss Anna Gordon, and will attend the National W. C. T. U. convention at Denver.

—Rev. Dr. Simpson W. Homer, of Simpson Church, Detroit, has enjoyed the very great privilege in the pastorate of the River Conference, warmly urged by an orchestra of receiving accessions to the church on every Sunday. Two hundred and thirty-six have united by letter and on probation.

—A telegram received on Saturday from Rev. J. H. Trask, of Kittery, Me., says: "Our oldest daughter, Lillian, twenty years of age, died at 1:30." This afflicted family will receive the tender sympathy of their many friends in their great bereavement.

—Dr. E. W. Parker and wife sailed from New York, Oct. 15, upon their return to India. Dr. Parker came to the General Conference as delegate, and both he and his wife might reasonably have claimed the title for rest; but they have been "in labor" during all the time, laying the great work of the church in India upon the hearts of the people.

—Bishop Walden, in addressing the candidates for admission to the Methodist River Conference, warned young men to exercise careful judgment in the selection of a wife. He told them that Bishops find that they must adapt appointments not alone to the preachers, but to their wives as well. No human aid is so efficient in the ministry, and no other person can so injuriously affect a preacher's career.

—We are gratified to learn, through the *Northern*, that Dr. A. B. Butts has declined the editorship of the *Methodist Review*. He is doing a grand work for the church as president of Drew Theological Seminary in preparing young men for his ministry, that we are not surprised at his declination. It is wise to disturb men who are serving the church as providentially and efficiently as Dr. Butts, by the effort to transplant them to other positions? We think not.

—A pleasant personal note is received from Prof. M. D. Buell, from which we venture to take the following paragraph:—

"We had an enjoyable moment in London, England, during the Wesleyan Conference, when I met the Wesleyan Union of the Summer School of Theology, a pleasant week on the Rhine, a month of the rarest summer weather in Switzerland, and just now have passed two ideal weeks in old Heidelberg. We have both enjoyed excellent health. We have been conscious of danger, but once, when at Grindelwald, Switzerland, we saw the house in which we had been sound asleep half an hour before being burned to the ground. We hope to remain in Heidelberg at least until December. Our address is No. 22 Anlage."

—Rev. Matthias S. Kaufman, who is personally acquainted with Dr. J. W. Chapman, writes:—

"In your notice of Dr. J. W. Chapman, who has recently resigned his splen-

did charge and large salary to become an evangelist, you have called attention to one of the 'lost' ones. I have recently been associated with him in a ten days' union evangelistic meeting, and have been very favorably impressed with his superior abilities, soundness of doctrine, and thorough consecration to Christ. In methods, style of preaching and spirit, he strongly resembles Rev. F. F. Mills. His powers of endurance are prodigious. After preaching three or four times each day during the week he preached five excellent sermons on last Sunday. He is destined to rank with the great evangelists of our day."

—Rev. Henry L. Wriston, of Maplewood, and last year of Everett, is to assume at an early date the important pastorate of the First Methodist Church of Cheyenne, Wyoming.

—Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, of Korea, of whom mention was recently made in these columns, called last week at this office. He informed us that Bishop Mallahu was greatly encouraged by his visit to that mission field.

BRIEFLETS.

On the 6th page will be found a very interesting article upon "The Missionary of the Modern," written by Dr. Richard Wheatley.

"Sisterhoods and deaconesses have evidently come to stay in Methodism," says the *Methodist Recorder* of London.

President Gates' paper upon our first page on "The Supreme Work of the College," is especially pertinent, and will attract the thoughtful attention of educators.

Will our readers make known to their friends in the church the attractive features of our paper, as given in our Announcement on the opposite page?

The Lord is blessing the work of the Mission to Lepers, a British society, which is carrying on its work in the most different centers in India, Burma, Ceylon and China.

An important announcement concerning the meeting of the General Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be found on the opposite page.

The publisher will be happy to furnish sample copies for use of our families as would probably be subscribers if privileged to make a personal examination of the paper.

The contribution from Dr. E. C. Bass, on the first page this week, entitled, "A Few Well-Remembered Prayers," will be read with tender and grateful interest.

We regret to announce that Senator Hawley's paper—the last of the Presidential Campaign series—was not received as expected for insertion in this issue.

The attention of our readers is especially invited to the report of the Social Union on the 8th page, in which the very important subject of City Evangelization in Boston was forcibly presented.

We share in the joy of the students of Boston University who are rejoicing over the announcement that a building has been secured on Joy St. for a gymnasium, and that it will at once be put in order. The total expense is estimated at \$65,000.

Have you given your church paper a thorough perusal from your pulpit and personal canvass among your people? No work of our ministry is more obligatory or important. "It is impossible," said Wesley, "for a people to grow in grace unless they give themselves to reading."

One hundred and sixteen new subscribers were registered at this office last week. If all the ministers of our patronizing Conferences would take up the canvass as faithfully as those who have reported, we should receive an unusually handsome increase to our list, and the usefulness of the paper would be greatly augmented.

The coming centennial of the First M. E. Church on Temple St., in this city, Dr. Louis Albert Banks, pastor, is to take place Sunday and Monday, Oct. 30 and 31. On Sunday, Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Upham, of Drew, both old pastors, are to preach, and a platform meeting in the afternoon is to be addressed by several former pastors, among whom is Dr. Mark Trafton, who furnishes a poem. The banquet on Monday night will be of great social interest.

As will be noticed, we make this issue a semi-Columbus number. While the attention of the people is turned so generally to the discovery of a New World, we would supply such information concerning Christopher Columbus as shall aid our readers in the formation of correct opinions concerning him. Without question, the traditional and romantic views of the man must give way to the historic and the real.

Rev. Dr. J. O. Knowles writes:—

"I wish to endorse your editorial note of the work of Brother H. H. Cox in last week's *Zion's Herald*. He is doing just the work of our age, and is doing it with a heart that interferes with no other work or workers, but re-enforces them with gratifying success. I should be glad if he could be employed on all the churches of New England. I am greatly pleased to add that the brethren are quite generally reporting conversions."

The following interesting note has just been received from Rev. J. D. Pickles:—

"Received yesterday the following cable-gram, the writers evidently thinking that our convention was in session this week:—

"— Rome, Oct. 16.
"NEWPORT LEAGUE CONVENTION, WORCESTER, MASS., OCT. 17-19, 1892."
"Translated, 'They of Italy salute you, Grand, wasn't it?'"

Trinity Church, Charlestown, resumed its afternoon services last Sunday. There was an attendance, despite the rain, of fully one thousand people. Attractive instrumental and vocal music was provided by an orchestra and a large choir, with finely-rendered solos by Mrs. Nellie Brown Mitchell. The editor of this paper gave a brief address upon Columbus. We heartily approve the general effort of this church to reach the general public through a popular service of this nature, and should be glad to see the experiment as faithfully tried in many more of our city appointments.

W. Garrett Horder, an English writer on "The Rise and Growth of English Hymnody," devotes a chapter to "American Hymns," and says:—

"The Methodist Church has been so dominated by the hymns of Charles Wesley that practically she has done nothing to enrich the stores of American song. Beyond three writers of children's hymns—Dr. William Hunter (1811-1877), Dr. Thomas O. Saunders (1812-1882), and Fanny J. Van Alstyne (born 1823), I do not discover a single hymnist represented in English collections. A great hymn writer like Charles Wesley—perhaps the greatest the church has ever had—naturally so fills the worship of the church he did so much to found, as to discourage others from entering the field, or putting their work into comparison with his."

The other day a band of vagrant musicians strolled past our door, and, stopping, prepared to strike up an air. We leaned over the sill and watched them. One had a cornet, another a bass-viol, a third a violin; and we

could understand how all these were to blend into harmony at the command of the leader; and even when we glanced at the boy with the cymbals, one could divine their place in the music. But when a droll little fellow with what looked like a couple of sheep's ribs thrust between his fingers, was described in the rear ranks, we wondered what he was doing, and why the leader did not drive him away with his trophies from the shambles. But, to our surprise, at a certain passage in the music the leader waved his baton toward him and began to shake and rattle his sheep's ribs as though they had an honorable part in the music written on the leader's score. And so they had. Even those disreputable relics of the bone-yard were not despised by the composer who had written the divine melody. And the lesson we learned was that God, in the great harmony of the universe, has a place for each one of us to strike in, no matter how despicable and how common our gifts. He can use every one He has made, and every quality which He has endowed them, in some way or another.

A faithful teacher in one of the Boston public schools was greatly troubled by the use of tobacco among his pupils. He says he tried every form of moral suasion in vain. The boys persisted in using the objectionable weed until the hygienic method was introduced. In connection with their physiology lessons they learned the evil nature and effects of tobacco and other narcotics on the human system. This dispassionate presentation of truth appealing to their reason, had its effect, and the teacher had the satisfaction of seeing his pupils one after another abandon its use until the school as a whole is free from this habit that was injuring both the minds and bodies of many of the boys.

We are traveling along a highway. It is the only one leading to the place we are striving to reach. If we desert it, we show that we do not care to reach that destination. But it does not follow that by following it we shall surely come to the end of the journey. We are too weak to travel the distance. The road is there, but it does us no good unless we can travel it. It is safe and necessary to follow it, but we cannot. But here comes a vehicle that will carry us over the road. The passage is free. The only condition is that we get in and ride. Faith is a condition of salvation. The commandments are a rule of life which we are able to keep only by the help of the Spirit. The vehicle is the Lord Jesus Christ, and salvation is by faith in Him.

The shepherds do not desert their humble tasks in order to see the holy visitors. A man need not turn away from the most abiding and lowly pursuit in order to engage in lofty contemplations of heavenly things. The coal-heaver may see a flash of God's eye in the black diamonds he shovels. The rag-picker may reflect how the rescued shreds of men will be cleansed and bleached and transformed by a process so much like the redeeming of a soul, into whiteness and delicacy again. The washerwoman may sing: "Cleanse me in the blood of the Lamb." The errand boy may repeat, "Take my hands, and let them be consecrated, Lord, to Thee. Take my feet, and bid them move on the errands of Thy love." Jesus is everywhere and in everything, if the soul only seeks Him.

The world has adopted precisely the methods by which the Divine Mind sought to call the attention of the world to His great work. A new commodity comes to town. Simply putting it on sale in the stores would not make a market for it. The agent hires a brass band and a dozen boys, and goes in state procession through the streets distributing sample packages right and left. The people hear the noise and see the men. Curiosity is excited, and every one runs forth to get a sample. After that, orders come to the merchant. Trade is established, and the sale of the article goes on by the ordinary methods. The Gospel no longer needs miracles to call attention to it. It has passed into the regular channels of transmission. It is established. It would be weakness for the proprietor of an old-established article like bread or umbrellas, to resort to the brass band methods. So miracles, in this age of Christian literature, Christian philosophy and Christian missionary effort, would only cheapen Christianity by the inference that it was not yet established.

Prof. H. C. Sheldon, acting Dean, in introducing Rev. B. P. Raymond, D. D., president of Wesleyan University, who was to deliver the matriculation address before the Theological School of Boston University on Wednesday last, said: "I am gratified to be able to introduce such a man to you on this occasion, because he is an alumnus of this institution, because of his reputation in the West and East as an educator, because of his present position, and because of the type of Christian manhood which he represents."

The personal appearance of President Raymond is familiar—of medium height and compact build, with full brown beard, and clear, open face on which is the mark of a strong character. His voice is resonant, his gestures appropriate, and his thought more suggestive than exhaustive. He is like an intellectual pioneer marking the way into the forest whose depths he does not intend to explore; at least, this was his evident purpose on this occasion. We give our readers the gist of his address:—

I believe most of you are here to work, and not chiefly to preach (though I regret that some of you may be obliged to, to earn your bread and salt); to take hold of some of the greatest problems that ever engaged the human mind or ever can. A theological curriculum may not look juicy or suggestive, any more than a college curriculum, or a museum of natural history does; and what is gotten out of it depends upon yourself. The curriculum may be put on something like an old suit of clothes; the languages something like an old armor. So it becomes pertinent to ask: How shall we put on the theological course? What is a sort of plastic entity to be hammered into almost anything by his environment. But the true idea is that the use of his environments depends upon himself. It may be well to reflect upon the philosophical conditions of the interchange between the thoughts of different minds. Prof. Bowne teaches that they are re-created as they pass from one mind into another. Take, e. g., the word "evolution." If I utter it in the hearing of an untrained ear, it is understood to mean the evolution of a bird from an egg; but if I utter it in the hearing of a scientist, it immediately suggests to him a large mass of phenomena. In order, then, to understand what Moses and Isaiah wrote, we must get as near as possible to their mental attitude. We wish to get at the facts behind the words. The archæologist, the linguist, the student of

comparative religions, the translator, are abroad to get a hint with reference to the facts underlying the words of the Bible. The literature and language of a nation cover its thoughts. And when we turn back to the Old Book, as we all must, we find words shrouded with life, full of voices; and we study them to get the thoughts of the men of that time, and thus get at the facts. If the selection gives many years with the microscope to get an accurate knowledge of the nervous system of the oyster, ought we not to be willing to sacrifice much to get a knowledge of the facts underlying the old records? We ought at least to have the linguistic touch if we cannot be linguists. "To-morrow we will come. It is too late today; the sun is too low," said James Russell Lowell on one occasion to Prof. Prentice when he took him one autumn day to see a beautiful view. The linguistic point of view is everything. There is something incommunicable, untranslatable, in these old records. So of you, I want to know what shall come into you and will abide with you when you go out into the world. All the student arrives at the lofty peak of the present, he will get a long-range view of thought; it will be suggested to him that there is a great deal in the creed that is not absolutely essential to the man whom he would save; stress will also come then to his faith as he looks back over the hills and valleys of history; but if he is true to himself, and to the record of the facts, the time will come when his faith will grow richer and stronger. He will become another man in the tone and temper of his spiritual life. Then comes the impulse of the rational life, when it is necessary to systematize. The human reason never gives up the struggle to get a rational point of view. Kant's position that we cannot know God, can't know ourselves, can't know the world, has gone out into all subsequent thought. If we carry the assumption of Kant is true, then of course there can be no Revelation. You will take up the facts of Scripture and find that you cannot isolate a doctrine. We have no atomistic your thoughts. We have ideals in reference to life—richness; in reference to man—brotherhood; in reference to God—Father. Now you will come to see that the facts of Revelation satisfy these and all our ideals.

You will hear much of evolution. This theory breaks down when it reaches the national, ethical subject. This subject is not only pushed on from behind, but looks forward to the future with its ideals. Here your faith will be stretched, but you will ultimately come around to know that He is King of kings and Lord of lords.

You have come in contact with the facts, and through the facts with Christ. The preacher must carry the Bible with him into the twentieth century. Rise above the fluctuating currents of human history, and you will get the point of view where you will see that the main current of history is towards the Bible. Moses could push a nation through the wilderness; Luther could arouse a reformation; Wesley could stir the slumbering consciences of men, because they each had the Bible. The Bible is the divine instrument, the main current of human history, and you are the men who are to carry the Bible.

A Card.

On behalf of Boston University, the undersigned desires to return thanks to Rev. George W. Elmer, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Chatham, Mass., for a valuable donation of Japanese books especially collected in Japan. The collection contains not only Japanese texts in prose and poetry, but also grammars and dictionaries for English students of the language. It so happens that the first book ever presented to our University library (given by Frederick T

The Family.

OCTOBER.

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Sweet month, that wears a tinted crown
Of leaves touched with a beauty rare,
Which, one by one, come drifting down
Upon the scented woodland air.

The time when summer's parting kiss
Falls softly on its dying things,
While Nature thrills beneath the bliss,
And flushes at the joy it brings.

The season when the fair, calm days
Come to the earth with cooling breath,
And when the dreamy, languid haze
Seeks to enwrap the scene of death.

October, sweetest month of all
That gems the brow of the fair year,
How soft and low its voices fall
Upon our oft-enraptured ear!

While bearing Nature's fairest things
Back to the brown and senseless earth,
And yet its sweetness fondly clings
To us, as though of heavenly birth.

OUR LOVED ONES GONE.

SUSAN TRALL FERRY.

What if the Lord should hear the prayer
We sometimes make in our despair,
And send the dear beloved one back,
Life's burdens once again to take?

And struggle and its conflicts make,
And tread once more the traveled track?
To walk with us, when they have walked
With the redeemed and with them talked,

And looked upon His face, whose name
Is written on their foreheads, when
Was once the mark of anxious care—
Would we not sorrow if they came?

Not selfish love be ours, Ah, no!
Yet everywhere we find it so,
And it is hard to take up life
Without their presence and their cheer;

No kindly words from them to hear
When we are weary with the strife.
But we must live our lives, and stay,
God grant us a sheltered way.

Who walk alone with toil-worn feet,
And lead us by His love and strength,
Until at that best gate at length—
That gate called Beautiful—we meet!

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Don't take up everything. The Lord seldom gives one great, outside mission; He never gives half a dozen at a time. — Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

No good deed, no genuine sacrifice, is ever wasted. If there be good in it, God will use it for His own holy purposes. Our human love for one another, and all our human help, is not less His for being ours. "God's tender mercy" is the name in heaven for what we call on earth "a drink of water." Many clear things of Providence He hands to His little ones by each other. Sometimes how can He reach them else? And sometimes how can He use but you and me? — Rev. W. C. Gannett.

We can only do a deed to God by doing that deed for Him—only by offering ours as the hands with which it shall be done. Our human love for one another, and all our human help, is not less His for being ours. "God's tender mercy" is the name in heaven for what we call on earth "a drink of water." Many clear things of Providence He hands to His little ones by each other. Sometimes how can He reach them else? And sometimes how can He use but you and me? — Rev. W. C. Gannett.

This loving Care that folds in our little lives, how near it comes when we need it most! I feel as if it held you now in a tenderness such as none of us can know, and none know how to ask for. "The night shall be light about you," calling you to what trustlike sleep, bringing out holy, eternal stars. . . I know that you will, more than ever, know how to help the weak who faint amid the mysteries of those laws of life we call death. For only the uplifted face of one who has tasted these waters and found them divine, can help sustain the weary. Here in the border of the heavy loss, and the change it is so hard to bring into the daily ways of life, feel as much as you can, how many hearts there are that would come and sit with you, as near as they may, with their best sympathy and faith. — Samuel Johnson.

When the day was all withdrawn,
When we walked in darkest night,
When we waited for the dawn
Of the ever-blessed Light—
In those hours of darkness dim,
We were drawing near to Him.

When, beneath the sudden stroke,
All our joys of life went down,
When our best beloved broke
Earthly bonds and his crown,
By the upward path we trod,
Nearer drew we to our God.

Through the long and vanished years,
Doubting, struggling and depressed,
Shrouded with their mists of fears,
We were passing to the end,
Tempest-tossed and current-driven,
Ever drawing nearer heaven.

Our duty is to do right, rather than to try to do right. The word "try" in the Scriptures always means to test, never to attempt. Indeed, the inspired writers do not seem to have felt the need of the word in the second sense. The divine commands never are to attempt this or that, but just to do it. When Christ stood before men with the withered hand, He did not bid him try to stretch it forth, but just said, "Stretch forth thy hand." His tone is that of the Master of the natural and spiritual resources of the world. He sounds as one having authority over them. And just as He acknowledged the effort of the owner of that withered hand by natural power to accomplish His purpose, so, when He says "Have faith in God," "Love one another," "Be of good cheer," spiritual power goes with the word to make it possible to do all these impossible things. Faith sees, though sense cannot, that the Lord will never be wanting on His side if we are not so on ours. — S. S. Times.

I was standing on Mount Kineo a few weeks ago. A magnificent mass of solid hornblende, rising eleven hundred feet from the bosom of the lake, one side a perpendicular wall capped with beetling cliffs which seemed ever ready to plunge into the ink waters that lie crumpled and trembling in a sort of Dantean gloom at their base. From the top of the wall I looked down upon the lake and the curving shore. Boats like tiny eggshells with their mites of humanity floated here and there within the range of my vision. Men and women that looked like pigmies moved about on the land. The sensation was a strange one.

The world seemed so large and men so small, I could not help exclaiming: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" It takes but an altitude of half a mile to reduce him to the proportions of an ant; what must be seen from the altitude of heaven? An insect that lives his little day, that buzzes and circles over his bit of marsh or fen or glade, that struggles over his little mound of earth, collects his pile of glittering sand, and then lies down beside it to die, and be forgotten by a world that hardly knew he ever lived? Ah, no, not this, I said, not this, except he be the

smallest of the Creator's works, a supremely selfish man! If such he be, living within self and for self, loveless and Christless, always getting and never giving, he shall at last lie down beside his gettings, and the lowly pile shall mark the stature of his manhood; but if the Spirit of Christ be in him, if his personality be charged with the electric potency of love, he shall make for himself a place in God's world, the altitude of which shall not be measured by Ossa piled upon Kineo and Pelion upon Ossa. For when you are able to comprehend the breadth and length and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, you shall know the stature of that manhood or womanhood which is filled and moved by that love. Measure yourself, my brother, by the Cross today. — Rev. Charles A. Dickinson.

THE MISSES WARNER.

REV. RICHARD WHEATLEY, D. D.

VERY pleasant to an old pastor is to hear favorably of former parishioners, and to contribute to the general stock of popular knowledge of such as are worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. From ZION'S HERALD of Sept. 14, we learn that Rev. Dr. David Sherman has been renewing his acquaintance with friends of long standing at Canaan, N. Y., and that there he came into contact with scenery immortalized by the literary genius of two of the purest, sweetest and noblest sisters that ever adorned the Church of Christ or blessed society by their presence and labors. His descriptions are eloquent, charming, edifying and—subject to some slight corrections. For the necessity of these he is not responsible, speaking, as he does in the cases referred to, from best accessible information.

Singularly enough, both the gentleman whom he was visiting and the distinguished lady of whom he writes principally, were once under the pastoral oversight of the writer. The first is still effective in the ranks of the church militant, the second joined those of the church triumphant only a few years ago. The latter, Miss Susan Warner, was the elder of the two Misses Warner, daughters of Henry Warner, esq., a member of the New York bar. The younger, Miss Anna, still survives, and is yet abundant in labors, fruitfulness and popularity. Both were close friends of the lovely and sainted Miss Mary Rutherford Garrettsen, only child of Rev. Freeborn Garrettsen, in whose picture-gallery beautiful home at Wildercliffe, near Rhinebeck, on the shore of the lovely Hudson, they were frequent and welcome visitors. During the pastorate of Rev. Dr. C. S. Harrower—then as now in singular content with his condition of single blessedness—they rented his parsonage, entered into his plans and labors, and were influential participants in the powerful revival of genuine religion that ensued.

Even then the sisters were prominent figures in the republic of letters. Neither at that time, nor since, has any sentence flowed from either pen that, dying, the writer might wish to erase. Evangelically trained, they were prepared to tread adversity into an instrument of future prosperity, and did so. The good are not always worldly wise. Paternal investments of unprofitable pecuniary character involved in embarrassments from which the judicious exercise of God-given genius brought relief.

The profits derived from the publication of "The Wide, Wide World" gave the independence which was never afterwards impaired. Repeated conversations with the sisters on the subject of their literary warrants the statement that "The Wide, Wide World" was chiefly, if not exclusively, the product of Susan Warner's skill. A similar remark is believed to be true of "Queechy." In the composition of subsequent stories the sisters shared. Others again, like the "Vinegar Hill Stories," were the effusions of Anna Warner solely. Each may have consulted the other in the projection of plot and details, and doubtless did so to some extent; but, in the main, the later of the fifty or sixty volumes which issued from their prolific brains owed their existence to the one whose name appeared on the respective title-pages.

After leaving Rhinebeck, the Misses Warner took up their abode on the lovely, yet lonely, Martelsa's Rock, better known by the name of "Constitution Island," in the Hudson, opposite West Point. This was the property of their family. Island it was, before the construction of the Hudson River Railroad. Promontory it is now, because united to the mainland by made earth and partly-drained swamp. It is easily reached by boat from Cold Spring on one side the river, and from West Point on the other, and also by road through the lowlands on the east. Here in a modest, tasteful cottage, whose lawn slopes gently down to the landing, and neighbored only by the domiciles of colored dependents, the Misses Warner spent many blessed and fruitful years, frequently visited by choice and pious friends who knew how to prize the privilege.

Of all visitors to Constitution Island none have been more appreciative than the cadets in the National Military Academy at West Point. They have long looked upon the days of pleasant and cheery call as red-letter ones in the almanac of a somewhat severe and monotonous training. Upon them the influence of these elect ladies had been, and is, beneficent and fortifying. None mention their names but in terms of praise; none have known who have not learned to love them for all that is most sacred and benign in Christian womanhood.

Advancing years and increasing infirmities gradually circumscribed the sphere of Miss Susan Warner's activities. Composition of profitable religious fiction, and devotion to religious instruction of stalwart young men—the flower of the American people—could no longer be carried on together so efficiently as in the days when vigor was firm, and hand and brain alike tireless. She chose to do what to her was the best and greatest task. And she did it with such cultured intelligence, such sunny gentleness, and such marvelous force, that the students came to look upon her bent form and rapt face with the reverent chivalry that medieval knights are supposed to have exhibited towards queens. Queen she was—warrior more than Semiramis, ruler more potent than Catharine of Russia; and when her warfare was accomplished, it was only fitting that her remains should rest in the National Cemetery. General Grant honored himself by conceding that honor to the petition of her friends. She is

not the only woman, nor the only civilian, buried there; but she was, perhaps, the most eminent of all the women and civilians whose bodies rest therein until the archangel's trumpet shall blow the reëst of the resurrection.

Conversation, not a week ago, with a recent graduate of the Military Academy, is one of several authorities for the statement that Miss Anna Warner has not only taken up the work which her sister sister perforce laid down, but that she is prosecuting it with like characteristics and success. She is a Presbyterian—follower by profession of the ancestral faith; but she is pre-eminently a Christian—one in heart, faith, and purpose with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Only in name is she differentiated from evangelical Arminians, with whom her friendships are numerous and tender as with those of the stern Calvinistic beliefs. The hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church includes one of her most touching poetical effusions, beginning—

"One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me."

Its history is this: She had just received a letter from Rev. Benjamin M. Adams—formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the West Point charge, and now the witty, humorous and godly presiding elder of a district in the New York State Conference—written at the close of a Sabbath day's labors, and speaking of physical weariness and abounding spiritual joy. Her sympathetic spirit caught fire as she read it. Common ideas of the Gospel ministry, common purposes in its prosecution, and common joy in its triumphs, came out in this noble lyric. Long may she live to infuse like spiritual life, under God, into the youthful and ardent souls from whose ranks will come our future generals, statesmen, and public officials! To live as Susan and Anna Warner have lived—lives of purest philanthropy, lives lived with Christ in God—is to live in the highest and only true sense—

"Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love."
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. John H. Bennett, of South Brewer, Me., has invented a device for the ventilation of milk cans, as well as its protection from dust, flies, etc., which is likely to come into general use among dairy farmers.

Swedish girls who come to this country seeking employment as housemaids, usually bring with them at least one trunkful of household linen. It is really part of a potential wedding trousseau, for every Swedish girl counts upon getting a husband one day, and prepares against the event by years of sewing.

Police matrons in Chicago are required to wear a uniform while on duty. This uniform consists of a dress of blue serge with a tight-fitting double-breasted bodice finished with blue buttons, and a plain skirt made short enough to clear the ground.

Miss Harriet Monroe, author of the ode to be read at the dedication of the World's Fair, for which she has been awarded \$1,000, is described as having a beautiful oval face, crowned by a mass of brown hair. She has lived with her parents in Chicago all her life, except two years spent in a Georgetown convent. Her literary work extends back to her school days. She has done newspaper work, and for some time she served the Chicago Tribune.

Rev. Anna Shaw recently said in an address:—"Forty years ago there but seven avenues of work open to women. There are three hundred and fifty-seven. Then, the only educational institution open to women was Oberlin, O.; now, three hundred colleges and universities fling wide their doors, and the number is still increasing. When I attended Boston University, I was the only woman in a class of forty young men; now, one-half the graduates of that institution are women, and they number far into the hundreds. And this system of education produces a much higher grade of scholarship than ever before. Said a young man of Boston University to me, not long since, 'The men of Yale and Cornell have plenty of time for boating, cricket, baseball and all the rest; but we here at the University have to take it up and tuck with the girls, or we'll get left. And so the realm of woman's opportunity is broadening on every side, and she is bound to take it up and tuck with the men, in a way that ever dreamed of by her 'elder sisters.'"

THE DEACON'S CHANCE.

FROM the deacon's standpoint the minister's salary was large, indeed "enormous," as the deacon used to say. In point of fact it was very moderate, being only \$450 a year, and \$50 of that had to be taken in wood. But we must look at it from the deacon's point of view.

He lived upon and cultivated a farm that furnished him and his family almost their entire living. When they wanted groceries, or any kind of "store" goods, he would make a trade of butter or eggs and supply their wants.

This left but very little to sell for cash, and consequently the good deacon handled but little actual money from one year's end to the other. Two hundred dollars, and sometimes fifty or seventy-five more, was all the real cash the deacon saw in the year; and this necessitated not requiring this much, he usually had a considerable sum to his credit at the bank. How his minister, with not a large family, could spend \$400 in cash every year, was more than he could possibly comprehend. "There must be," he thought, "something wrong in this business." He insisted that he should prepare a sermon and preach it in the pulpit the following Sabbath.

A view of the deacon's face at that moment would have been highly amusing. The first slight tinge of surprise so gave way to an expression of pride, confidence, and triumph most refreshing to contemplate. Laying hold of the lower of two buttons that held his vest together, he commenced twisting it, as was his custom when laboring under any great mental excitement, and replied, "Well, Domine,"—that was a term he always used on state occasions—"If you really think I must, I will do the best I can." And then he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I ain't got the books. I suppose you will let me go into your study to write? I'll go home for dinner."

"Oh, certainly," replied the domine, "and my wife will be pleased to have you take dinner, and supper too, with her, if you should not get through before meal-time. I'll go home for dinner." "Very good," said the deacon, "I'll go over as soon as I get my morning work done." An hour later, but yet early in the morning, found the deacon in the minister's study, preparing for his sermon. He left word at home to keep some dinner for him, as he might possibly not get his sermon written as he expected, but still expressed the opinion that he only had to write enough to keep him reading half an hour; he would, if he had no bad luck, get through by noon. To give the deacon the credit due to him, it must be said that he did have, with all his failings, a foundation of good sense in his mind, and was a pretty good judge of what was going on. The minister's good wife had prepared everything to his hand. She had placed paper and ink on the table, together with a Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and a most formidable pile of commentaries. The deacon proceeded once to buy some ink. He had no money to take a survey of the situation, and then drew off his coat, and throwing it over a chair, rolled up his red flannel shirt sleeve with as much energy as though he were going to chop wood. Then he sat down at the table, counted out as many sheets of sermon-paper as he thought he would use, and pronounced himself all ready. By this time it was a few minutes past 9 o'clock.

"Well," said he to himself, "the first thing I suppose I must do is to settle in what text they will select." Here he took up the Bible and glanced through it. There were plenty of texts there, beyond a question, but which one? This was a poser. Now he thought of a certain verse, and now he thought of a part of a chapter here and part of another there, and then lay back in his chair and thought; the lower button was suffering terribly.

Here was a text that would do, but the minister had preached upon it lately; here was another that would make a splendid discourse, but the condition of the church was not such as to warrant that kind of a sermon. After a great deal of reflection both these were rejected.

Just then, to the deacon's horror, the clock struck 11. He caught up his pen and dipped it in the ink; but there was that stubborn fact he must have a text. He wondered how ministers decided that very important matter. "Ah, now, I have it, what text they will select." Here he took up the Bible and glanced through it. There were plenty of texts there, beyond a question, but which one? This was a poser. Now he thought of a certain verse, and now he thought of a part of a chapter here and part of another there, and then lay back in his chair and thought; the lower button was suffering terribly.

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from contact with the work and workers cannot be overestimated. Consider this, and let us see the class-room at 45 East Chester Park filled with eager, earnest young women.

A DAY STUDENT.
For further particulars apply to Miss Mary E. Lunn, 45 East Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

THE LITTLE RIFT.

WATCH beginnings. There is always a point where the entering wedge breaks in and after this the progress of disintegration is easy. It is the first quarrel which makes possible the next, and after one or two fights and reconciliations, those who love each other, it may be devotedly, grow accustomed to strife and no longer feel horror-stricken at the bare mention of it. The little rift is not more than a handbreadth, but it may widen and broaden until alienation and distress and the wreck of all household happiness follow the first tiny fracture of peace.

In the union of husband and wife, which is the most intimate and confidential relationship on earth, there must be something more than mere superficial admiration the one for the other. These two have pledged to one another a life-long consecration. Their interests are to be in common. Nothing can affect one without equally affecting the other. For weal or woe they have joined hands and to the whole outside world they present a united front.

And yet, if testimony could be taken, it would be found that many married people have not been perfectly happy during the early years of wedlock. There has been friction. There has been disappointment. The little rift has been suffered to open the way for estrangement.

"We decided," said a man whose long life has been singularly tranquil and satisfactory, "we decided, my wife and I, when we were married, that we would never let the sun go down on any lack of peace between us. We would ask one another's pardon if necessary, but we would never quarrel. One or the other should always give up a point on which both could not agree, and whatever else came to us, we resolved to have no discord." Beware of the little rift.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute."
—Harper's Bazar.

A THOUGHT FOR AUTUMN.

The summer is present
In autumn's good cheer.
Its sunshine is held
In the grape's luscious sphere.
The wise housewife, Nature,
Wastes nought as she goes;
A berry for birds
She saves from the rose.

Fierce fires of August,
Salt winds from the sea,
Are changed into apples
That drop from the tree.
The rain makes soft mosses
For wild creatures' beds,
The dead forest leaves
Become mats overhead.

So with hearts that are faithful
All ends in good;
Tears turn to rainbows,
And poison to food,
The cloud and the storm
Have promise and place;
And wild seeds of trouble
Make blossoms of grace.

—MRS. M. F. BUTTS, in Advance.

HEALTH NOTES.

Mustard Foot-bath.—A mustard foot-bath will frequently ward off an approaching cold. A tablespoonful of mustard to two quarts of hot water is the proportion for an adult; for a very young child double the quantity of water may be used. A bucket, on account of its depth, makes a better receptacle than a tub, and while the feet are being soaked a warm blanket should be thrown over the knees, covering blanket and all. — N. Y. Tribune.

Drinking Milk.—There is a good and a bad way of drinking milk. When a large quantity of milk is drunk at one time it becomes coagulated and is likely to be formed into a mass so large that the juices of the stomach can work only on the outside of it. Thus it is very difficult to assimilate, especially for those whose digestive organs are not strong. The best way to take milk is to eat it; that is, to take a sip at a time slowly, eating a cracker or some solid food with it. Each swallow is thus curdled by itself when passed into the stomach, and being a small quantity is easily acted upon by the digestive fluids. — Congregationalist.

Lunch for Children.—President Andrews, of Brown University, advocates a simple, free lunch to be served at recess in the public schools for the younger pupils. Many of them breakfast early, and as food is rapidly assimilated in the young, the system becomes exhausted before the noon meal. Plain bread and butter and apples are far better for lunch than sweets, and a healthy appetite will enjoy them equally well. — Ibid.

Olive Oil.—The value of rubbing with olive oil a young child who is delicate in health and has a naturally dry skin is not generally appreciated. If this is done properly, every portion of the body being anointed and the oil rubbed well into the skin by the hand, any excess being wiped off with a soft cloth, it will not soil the underclothing; and there is no better way of giving such weak children necessary nourishment for the skin through the pores. — Health.

Saltic Acid.—The health of the household finds a new menace in the rapid increase in the use of powerful drugs, especially saltic acid and boric acid, in the preservation of food. Manufacturers of mince-meat put up in cans or jars, are using as much as ten grains of saltic acid in each pound. Great quantities are used in cider, fruit, vegetables, pickles, preserves, etc. Among the experts claiming to be patented and guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, which are sold by thousands to private families and manufacturers, are the following: For small fruits, as currants, strawberries, raspberries, etc., 18 grains saltic acid to one quart of water; for hard fruit, as peaches, pears, water-melons, etc., 35 grains; for vegetables, as beans, peas, green corn, apricots, etc., 52 grains to one quart. — Woman's Journal.

Little Folks.

A BLESSING THAT WAS NOT MEANT FOR A BLESSING.
A Story for Columbus Day.

BELLE W. CRISHOLM.

ONE bright morning in September, Prof. Howard, superintendent of the Red oak schools, surprised his scholars by announcing that, in addition to the regular exercises provided for Columbus Day, the Board of Education had decided to give the pupils an opportunity to prepare something original for the occasion.

"I will read the paper in my possession, as directed, and then you will all understand just what is expected of you," he added, taking a slip of paper from the envelope he held in his hand. "With a desire to induce pupils in the High School to study the life of Columbus and history of his times intelligently, the Board of Education has decided to give two prizes—first of \$20, second of \$10—for the first and second best papers on the subject mentioned—'Life and Times of Columbus.'"

You may be sure that there was not much studying done in the High School that day. All that the scholars could think of was those prizes, and to speculate who would be lucky enough to win them. Though they nearly all took hold of the offer with a will, many of them gave up the contest after a few days' study; and as the time for the celebration drew near, it was generally conceded that the real contest lay between Dick Garrett and Max Tucker. Heretofore Dick had been considered the prize essay writer of the school; but Max's rapid progress in the art, particularly after the prize-offer, made Dick jealous for his championship, and excited in his bosom an envious feeling towards his innocent rival.

Dick was the son of Squire Garrett, one of the most prosperous men of the village, while Max labored under the disadvantage of having drunken Tom Tucker for his father. To be sure, Tom Tucker had not always been a drunkard. Time was when he had been the principal merchant in Red oak; but in those old days when everything seemed to go well with him, the little brown jug, hidden away back in the warehouse, was stealthily getting into his treacherous work, and by and by it defrauded him of his home, his self-respect, his fair name, and all that life holds most dear. His beautiful cottage became the property of another, and the small tenement that he rented as a place of shelter for his wife and children was soon exchanged for a less respectable place of abode; and thus the change went on, until a shabby, two-roomed frame, with a roof that would not protect its inmates, was all that his wronged family could claim as a home.

Until Max threatened to come between him and his ambitious plans, Dick had taken no notice of the son of drunken Tom Tucker, but as soon as he realized that his laurels were in danger, he began a series of petty annoyances which culminated in what he termed a practical joke, on the very night preceding Columbus Day. Dick was king in his set, so much so that the boys had dubbed him "King Dick"; hence he had no trouble in carrying out the plot for Max's downfall, which his busy brain had conjured up. Everything was done very quietly in the silent hours when honest people slept, but the boys, always wide-awake when mischief is brewing, were up in time to see the fun of the morning from their hiding-place in the loft of an old stable across the alley.

The practical joke consisted of an immense dummy rigged out in old boots and tattered garments while the battered hat which surmounted the brainless head was enough like the one worn by old Tom Tucker to suggest to any of the passers-by that the joke had been perpetrated in his honor. The awkward figure leaned suspiciously towards the gutter, while in its hand was grasped a long-necked bottle which did not need the label "whiskey" to inform the public what it contained.

On the same pole—several feet below this ridiculous sham—was a smaller dummy climbing in the direction of the big one, and on its old cap was attached a bit of muslin on which was printed: "I'm after you, daddy. Keep up your spirits a little longer, for I am sure of the Columbus prize, and then we'll have jolly old times with our old friend there in your hand."

If old Tom Tucker was a drunkard, he was not a fool, and it required only a glance at the ridiculous exhibition at his door to convince him of its meaning. At first he was so angry that he forgot he had started down town for his morning dram; but when he saw how much Max was affected by this open affront, he re-read the words that seemed to wound his boy so deeply, "I'm after you, daddy." "No, you're not," he hissed through his shut teeth. "No boy of mine must ever be permitted to follow after me," and then as he sat there with those words burning into his dull brain, he wondered if there was any danger of this boy of whom he was so proud coming after him. He knew that curses as well as blessings descend from father to son, and a great fear, such as he had never experienced before, took hold of his heart. His boy, his only son, like him! "No! no! a thousand times no!" he gasped. "The boy must be saved at all hazards. He must be saved even if I have to save myself to save him."

The dummies were taken down and burned, as they deserved, but the father, wrestling with his conscience, could not burn those words which had written their meaning in letters of fire upon both brain and soul. He kept away from the saloon all day, and in the evening, when Max came home the proud possessor of the twenty-dollar prize, he was more sober than he had been for many a many a day.

"I am glad you won the prize, my boy, more on account of the honor than the money, poor as we are," he said, when Max, a little doubtfully it must be confessed, displayed his treasure. "It was

Zion's Herald

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A. S. WEED, Publisher,
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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, October 11

—Ex-Premier Macdonald, of Canada, to be tried on charges of malfeasance.

—The Titmouse coal producers to form a combine, similar to the Reading.

—Ten thousand school children in line in New York, as one feature of the Columbian festivities.

—Gen. Crespo proclaimed provisional president of Venezuela.

—The Queen Regent of Spain and the little King arrive at Havre from Cadiz to take part in the Columbus celebration.

Wednesday, October 12

—Serious and damaging landslides in Venezuela.

—Great naval parade in New York harbor.

—The Homebased Advisory Committee indicted for treason against the States.

—Three men killed and many hurt by the explosion of a pulp mill in Orono, Me.

—Mr. Charles T. Yerkes to give Chicago University the largest telescope in the world—the object glass to be 45 inches, and to cost half a million dollars.

—The condition of Mrs. Harrison less encouraging.

—The Kiowa, Comanche and Apache tribes to surrender their reservations comprising 3,000,000 acres of valuable land. The government will pay \$250,000, and give each Indian 100 acres of land.

—True bills returned against Frick and other Carnegie officials.

—Largest registration yesterday in the history of New York city.

Thursday, October 13

—Opening of the Congressional Council at Minneapolis; Dr. Quint elected Moderator.

—The great military and civic parade ten miles long occurs in New York; the monument to Columbus unveiled; superb night pageant.

—Edward Atkinson and President Eliot speak before the Tariff Reform League.

—The "Poets' Corner" in Westminster Abbey receives the body of Lord Tennyson amid impressive ceremonies.

—Tight-rope walker Clifford Calverly eclipses all records at Niagara Falls. He crosses the gorge in less than seven minutes.

—Mr. Blaine the guest of Whitehall Hotel at Oyster Farm, N.Y.

Friday, October 14

—The Iron Hall officers indicted by an Indiana grand jury for embezzlement.

—An adverse report on the authorization of the Revised Version of the Scriptures made to the Episcopal Convention.

—All Spain celebrates the discovery of America.

—All the railroads in Colorado but one tied up by a snowstorm.

—Cruiser No. 6, 5,500 tons displacement, to be named the "Olympia."

—The Naval Board examining steamships of the New York, Cuban and Mexican Line o seaorts a their fitness as cruisers and transport.

—The New York Court of Appeals sustains Hill's appointment.

—Committees appointed by the Congressional Council; sharp discussion over the A. B. C. F. M.

—The Italian Chamber of Deputies dissolved; reduction in the military expenditures promised by the Ministry.

—The Sandwich Island Legislature takes pre-examination against cholera.

—Riots in Poland caused by cholera; the plague increasing in southwestern Russia.

—The New Bedford Arctic whaling fleet captures 110 whales.

—A Canadian sailing schooner, while in the hands of a United States marshal, disarms him and puts him ashore.

—Fifty cases of scarlet fever in Waltham.

—All of the soldiers withdrawn from Homestead.

Saturday, October 15

—Eighteen feet of snow near Cheyenne, Wyo.; heavy loss of live-stock.

—A serious switchmen's strike on the "Big Four."

—Prof. E. C. Smyth publicly criticizes the administration of the American Board.

—Arival of the Equinox from Labrador destined for the World's Fair.

—Five men killed by a freight collision on the New London Northern road.

—Partial and visible eclipse of the sun to occur Oct. 20.

—Another French victory in Dahomey.

—Henry Watterson to deliver the address at the dedication of the World's Fair in Chicago next week.

—Heavy gales on the English coast; destructive floods in Italy.

Monday, October 17

—Heavy rains and floods in England; a large section of Yorkshire submerged.

—A great combine in the Lake Superior district effected by Rockefeller and his associates, including mines, railroads, steamships, mills, etc. The capital said to be \$50,000,000.

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THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 5.)

and a Sunday-school concert in the evening. The place of worship was beautifully decorated with fruit and flowers. The morning congregations are large and the social meetings spiritual.

At Kennebunkport about \$100 more than last reported has been raised to put the house of worship in good repair. The pastor, Bro. Bragdon, packs the Sabbath full of work. Besides the three services divided between the Port and Cape, he conducts blackboard exercises in both schools and teaches a class in one, and fills a place in singing wherever it is needed.

It was our privilege to have one day at the meeting of the W. F. M. S. at Portland. Overland street people entertained in that right royal way for which they are noted. Considering the demands of the work, the meeting voted to advance the appropriations \$1,000. The women conduct their work in that business-like manner that commands the respect of all, and we expect that they will have the success of which they are worthy.

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spent four very pleasant days with Bro. Grass and wife, preached at four different points on his charge, and had the pleasure of baptizing fourteen persons—nine children and five adults. Four persons were saved from sin on their death-beds, and died in triumph. The woman's meeting, conducted by Sister Grass, is destined to be a power for good in that section where so few women have learned to pray. Among the adults baptised were two deaf mutes, who have blessed evidences of the power of God to save. The people are hungry for the truth as it is in Jesus. I preached on Tuesday morning at the church in Topfield to nearly two hundred, and many of them were young men who had left their work to hear the Gospel. I was much pleased with the favorable indications on this charge, and for the first time since we came to Topfield, we have a prospect of a revival.

A Dor, supposed to be rabid, bites a dozen people in Philadelphia.

Monday, October 17

Heavy rains and floods in England; a large section of Yorkshire submerged.

A great combine in the Lake Superior district effected by Rockefeller and his associates, including mines, railroads, steamships, mills, etc. The capital said to be \$50,000,000.

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Columbus services held in many churches.

The Crow reservation in Montana, consisting of 1,800,000 acres, thrown open to settlement.

A dog, supposed to be rabid, bites a dozen people in Philadelphia.

Monday, October 17

Heavy rains and floods in England; a large section of Yorkshire submerged.

A great combine in the Lake Superior district effected by Rockefeller and his associates, including mines, railroads, steamships, mills, etc. The capital said to be \$50,000,000.

The consul-general of Ecuador in New York arrested on a charge of forgery.